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Contents

The Week 186

Editorials

The Living Lie 189
Finding Out What France Will Pay 191
Let There Be Ivy 192

General Articles

Have Faith in Florida! .....J. Frederick Essary 194
Give a Lead.....E. C. Lindeman 196
M. Poincaré and War Responsibility..Sidney B. Fay 197
Washington Notes .....T. R. B. 200
Movie Comedy (verse) .....Willard Johnson 201
Butter and Eggs .....Stark Young 202
A Novel of Henry Adams .....Edmund Wilson 203
Fairy Tales for the Old .....Waldo Frank 204
An American Stendhal .....Gilbert Seldes 205
Sea Holly (verse) .....Conrad Aiken 206

Correspondence 206

Reviews of Books

A Usable Past .....Carl Becker 207
The Brotherhood of Man .....George A. Dorsey 208
Rhetoric, Mysticism, Poetry .....Allen Tate 209
The American Colonies .....S. E. Morison 210
Social Progress .....R. M. L. 211
Recent Fiction 211

The Week

THE negotiations for a security pact between France, Germany and Great Britain which are now proceeding at Locarno are the most momentous which have taken place in Europe since the Paris Peace Conference. They are intended to decide whether Germany will be restored to a position of independence and possible self-respect in Europe or whether she will have to ally herself with the enemies of the existing European system in order to vindicate her right to control her own life. They may not actually prove to be decisive in this respect. Germany believes with practical unanimity that she can regain her independence and self-respect only over the dead body of the Treaty of Versailles, and she is entering into the negotiations for the sake of obtaining some legal protection against the military sanctions of that Treaty which permit France to carry on a legal war at her expense. France and Great Britain are trying, on the other hand, to obtain a guaranteed security for France from Germany without modifying the Treaty and without guaranteeing security to Germany. The motives of the several groups of negotiators are, consequently, very different, and an agreement is doubtful, but it is devoutly to be hoped that they will reach a compromise which, whatever its limitations and its necessity of ultimate revision, will move in the direction of the pacification of Europe.

THE cables from Paris express some doubts whether the French Parliament will ratify the proposed five year moratorium which is the fruit of M. Caillaux's visit to the United States. The doubts may be sincere, but it seems incredible that after a period of cool-headed reflection the French Parliament will reject the bargain. France is obtaining very generous terms during the period of the moratorium. She will only pay twenty million dollars a year more than she is paying now, and in return for this manageable sum she is being forgiven interest which amounts to over $150,000,000 a year. The French dislike of the bargain is not due to any tendency in France to consider the terms severe, but to chagrin over the failure of M. Caillaux to obtain a final settlement. As long as the debt remains unfunded the financial status of the French government is equivocal. It cannot borrow money without submitting to conditions affecting domestic policies which are naturally irksome to its national pride. The French hoped that M. Caillaux would emancipate them from their bondage, and their disappointment over his failure assumes the form of attacking this temporary arrangement. It is the first gun in the fight which M. Caillaux's enemies are starting to dismiss him from office. They may succeed in turning him out, but they can hardly repudiate the terms of the moratorium—unless in the mean time the franc resumes its slide down hill.

IT looks as if between now and the first of the year the French government will find it increasingly difficult to protect the price of the franc. It has to meet an unusually large amount of maturing short term obligations this fall. Its expenses are unexpectedly heavy. It has had poor success with its recent internal loan. The advances from the Bank of France are again assuming alarming proportions. If as a consequence of these threatening developments the franc begins to fall, the French government will again apply to American bankers for a loan, but it seems clear that such a loan should not

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be granted until the French government begins in good faith to deflate and to balance its budget. In any other circumstances a loan would form an extremely poor investment of American banking resources, and would merely encourage the French politicians in their policy of avoiding their obligations. Moreover it would in the absence of financial reforms tend to diminish the sum which France will eventually pay to the American government. It would create an additional charge on French national financial resources which would have to be satisfied before the American government could be paid. For the present the less money the French government borrows in this country, the better the existing American creditors of France will eventually fare.

THE annual meeting of the British Labor Party, which has been proceeding during the week, reveals the same phenomena and suggests the same interpretation as in the case of the Trades Union Congress discussed elsewhere in this issue. The British Labor Movement is engrossed in the struggle between the Communists who have a program, and the old time trades unionists, who have the power. The Communists are lacking in leaders to inspire confidence in their program; the trades unionists have a dozen historic names on their rolls—Macdonald, Thomas, Smillie, Buxton, Henderson, Clynes—but no realistic policy. The votes taken showed enormous majorities against the Communist proposals. Affiliation of the Communist Party with the Labor Party was defeated, 2,954,000 to 321,000. Mr. Macdonald's resolution in favor of social reform by parliamentary and progressive methods was carried 2,844,000 to 206,000. This showing, however, somewhat belies the real situation. The Communists, beaten in the open field, are more successful in their tactics of infiltration and penetration. The fact that they know what they want gives them power in committees out of proportion to their small representation. And the fear of them in the hearts of the old leaders, who see their position sapped and mined, paralyzes the latter still further. The convention apparently reversed the attitude of the Trades Union Congress toward the empire, and voted almost unanimously for a resolution in favor of a Labor-governed British Commonwealth of Nations. It voted however in favor of self-government for India and cessation of imperialistic oppression of Egypt and China.

WHATEVER else may be said of the Soviet leaders, they are competent economic diplomatists. They are out after foreign credits, and they are getting them, although not so abundantly as they desire. They have played Germany against England, and now would like to play the United States against Germany. And their argument is cogent. The country that fills the pioneer orders for agricultural, textile, mining and electrical machinery will have a first chance at the repeat orders. It is difficult to change from one national type to another. Accordingly the German and American exporters have to consider not only current demands, which are vast, but the immensely greater future demands. Our State department will assure us that we have nothing to gain, because Russia will have no means of payment for many years. But Russia's agriculture, her chief source of exports before the War, is rapidly coming back. Our department of Agriculture quotes Russian estimates to show that the wheat crop for 1925 is only 13 percent below the five year pre-war average. In rye and corn the pre-war average has been reached. The comparison is no doubt too favorable, since 1925 has been an exceptionally good year. But tractor farming is spreading rapidly; draft animals are increasing in number. The probability is strong that within a few years Russia will return to her pre-war export position.

OUR State department may argue that even though Russia may have the means of settling her import debts she is a bad moral risk. After repudiating the foreign debt, etc., the Soviet government, as everyone knows, is not paying the Tsar's debts. Every offer to pay them is attended by impossible conditions. But what instances have been adduced to show that the Soviet government does not observe its own financial engagements? We know of none. Large consignments of goods have been shipped to Russia from America, on credit, but we have heard no complaint from the creditors that Russia is bad pay. The Germans have also made large shipments to Russia, and the prevailing German opinion is that Russia is good pay, if slow. If the State department takes the position that on moral grounds Americans should not do business with a country whose government has repudiated the debts of a former government, we have no quarrel with it. Or if the State department objects to closer trade relations because they might open a gate to communistic propaganda, it is again on safe logical ground. We think, however, that it greatly exaggerates the danger of propaganda. Russia will have to move many leagues forward before she can offer a seductive example to our own working class. And the chances are that there will be very little communism left in Russia when she has reestablished her economic life.

THE Western critics of the Reclamation service have had their day of sound and fury, and have subsided. But we shall hear more of them when Congress meets. It is desirable that we should. The American people have treated the reclamation question, like most other questions connected with the public domain, in a reprehensibly negligent fashion. A reclamation project is justified nationally only by its effectiveness in throwing open new homes to the landless, under conditions in which they may enjoy

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a fruitful and contented existence. In the past we have taken settlement for granted. We have put water on the land and stood by with sublime indifference as to the outcome in terms of rural life. Speculators have skimmed the cream and we have nodded. We have lost outright millions of the principal of our investment in irrigation and tens of millions in interest, if we counted interest as a cost, as the whole economic world outside of Soviet Russia does.

NOT long ago The New Republic commented adversely on the decisions of the Interstate Commerce Commission lowering rates on West Virginia coal which can be substituted for Pennsylvania anthracite, and refusing to lower rates of the "anthracite roads." It was our belief that these decisions, coming at the time they did, were part of an administration policy to direct the economic pressure of competition against both anthracite operators and miners. We have since been assured on good authority that this was not the case; the President has brought no influence to bear on the Commission, as indeed he would have no right to do since the Commission is a quasi-judicial body as independent of the Executive as the Supreme Court. The decisions were based on the evidence presented in the specific cases. The new West Virginia rates will enable Northeastern consumers to procure coal suitable for domestic use which was not available before because of prohibitive all-rail charges, and impracticability of shipping domestic sizes by the usual water-rail route. It remains true, however, that the action does provide competition for the anthracite monopoly, and we still believe that if the administration is relying on this fact to remedy the anthracite malady it is adopting a superficial policy.

THE election of Robert M. LaFollette, Jr., to fill out his father's term as Senator from Wisconsin surpassed expectation only in the size of his majority. Its significance is chiefly in its proof that the loyalty of the state to the ideals of LaFollette is unimpaired. Seldom does it happen in a democracy that a leader can pass on his political fortune intact—almost never to a lineal descendant. One must look back to the line of the Adamses in Massachusetts for a parallel which it is to be hoped will be maintained. LaFollette the elder contributed an invaluable element to the national politics of the present day; and his son trained in the same service, his father's assistant and adviser, will be expected to carry on the tradition. His position as the youngest senator ever chosen with the exception of Henry Clay has struck the imagination of the country. It would be a misfortune if he or the state of Wisconsin should fail to realize the opportunity for public service which lies before them.

THE New York mayoralty campaign owes its chief external interest to its effect on the political fortunes of Governor Alfred E. Smith. It is a well known secret that Tammany would have accepted Bottom, ass-head and all, if the Governor had not given him the boot. Having disposed of Bottom it was up to him to nominate a successor, and of the list of eligibles which he submitted, it is easy to believe that the organization selected the name at the foot of the list—that of Senator James J. Walker. Since the Republicans have had the effrontery to nominate a machine-made candidate with the singularly opprobrious name of Waterman it is obvious that the chief hope of the people of New York is that the election of Walker will bring Governor Alfred E. Smith into the direct service of the city. With his incomparable capacity for administration, with his personal ascendancy, and his ambition directed to the great prize of the presidency it is not likely that he will let Walker get out of hand. Yet you never can tell. If Walker runs straight the people of New York may secure the best municipal government they have had for years, under the personal responsibility of Alfred E. Smith. If Walker goes crooked they will assuredly get the worst.

AN altogether healthful element is interjected into the campaign by the Socialist candidate, Norman Thomas. Mr. Thomas has a primary claim on the suffrage of his fellow citizens—he has courage. In his book called The Public Life Mr. J. A. Spender remarks that no statesman in recent years has won the confidence of the British public who has not been willing to risk everything in opposing them. Norman Thomas opposed his countrymen on the War. When Christians were explaining that this War was different from other wars, and holy, Norman Thomas said it was wrong. He forsook the Church because the Church forsook itself to become the instrument of a propaganda whose wickedness was surpassed only by its silliness. Since the termination of his pastorate Norman Thomas has devoted himself to the service of a larger parish. Of his disinterestedness, his honesty, his sympathy, his devotion to the common good there can be no doubt. If his election is pronounced inconceivable, it is not because of shortcoming on his part, but on that of the electorate to which he appeals.

MR. THOMAS'S platform, socialistic in name, is one which should meet the approval of every lover of the common good. It rests on the principle that government is the servant of the people in the struggle for a better life. It declares in favor of definite and well understood steps to deal with unemployment, to provide better education for children, and better homes for the workers. The transit plank declares for the acquirement by the city of all existing lines by purchase or condemnation, and their merging in a unified system controlled by a directorate on which the employes shall have representation. The operation shall be at cost, with some

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provision for extensions, which are to be partly financed by assessments against property directly benefited. The platform further points out that the transit problem is implicit in the congestion of population on Manhattan Island, which can be relieved by housing and zoning regulations. It declares boldly for making the housing of the people a public utility to be financed by municipal loans; and for the creation by the legislature of a State Housing and Town Planning Commission with power to wipe out such slum conditions as prevail in New York where "over 70,000 unsanitary tenements containing some 3,000,000 rooms without direct access to the open air are in constant use."

THE Interparliamentary Union showed how little it respects the traditions implicit in its name in sitting down supinely under the affront put upon it by this government in the exclusion of one of its delegates because he holds views obnoxious to the class which has learned how to make democracy safe for itself. One is tempted to fall back on the classic arguments for freedom of speech put forth long ago by John Stuart Mill. Suppose Mr. Saklatvala's opinions are wrong. It is injustice to error to exclude it from the opportunity of being corrected by argument and also a detriment to truth to deprive it of the stimulating effect of meeting error in the arena of debate. It was left for Ben Riley, a delegate of the British Labor Party to protest:

> "that unless the council of this union can make such arrangements as will enable all its members to enjoy equal rights and to make their particular contribution to the work for which the union exists, confidence will be destroyed and a great blow struck at the very basis and purpose of the union."

The Living Lie

THE question of Germany's responsibility for the War is not raised by the proposed pact, and his Majesty's government are at a loss to know why the German government have thought it proper to raise it at this moment. His Majesty's government are obliged to observe that negotiations of a security pact cannot modify the Treaty of Versailles or alter their judgment of the past."

The preceding words are quoted from the reply which the British Foreign Office returned to the formal acceptance by the German government of the proposed date and place for the security conference. They refer to a request of the German Ambassador in London that the conference associate with the discussion of a security pact some relief for the German people from the exclusive moral and legal responsibility for the War which Article 231 of the Treaty of Versailles fastens upon them. Both the French and the British governments peremptorily refused. Mr. Austen Chamberlain almost lost his usual composure. He is quite incapable of understanding why the German government should have raised such an exasperating question on the eve of a negotiation which is supposed to lay the foundation for a permanent peace between France and Germany.

No doubt it was undiplomatic for the German government to have asked this particular question at this particular moment. Herr Stresemann did not expect to contribute to the success of the negotiations by mixing it up with a discussion of German war guilt. He was forced to raise the question, because the German nationalists whose support is necessary to the survival of the Luther government insisted on having it raised. He must have realized that he would have his face slapped for his pains, and probably the nationalist leaders realized quite as well as he did that Germany was inviting a humiliating rebuff. Nevertheless they went ahead and issued the invitation. Why did they do it? The Germans will undoubtedly find it extremely difficult to furnish an explanation which they can justify by the rules either of ordinary diplomacy or of real politik.

They seem to have acted under the influence of a morbid compulsion. For years Germans of all shades of feeling but particularly the ardent patriots have fiercely resented the canonization of allied war propaganda which Messrs. Wilson, Lloyd George and Clemenceau wrote into Article 231 of the Treaty. The negotiation of a security pact looks in the direction of permanent and complete conciliation. If successfully concluded, it would imply on the part of all the signatories a wish and a will to liquidate the moral conflicts of the War. But patriotic Germans might question whether they could fairly be asked to abandon their resentment as long as the victorious Allies persisted in officially condemning Germany as an international criminal. They proposed, consequently, to find out whether they were or were not justified in keeping the resentment alive. They were willing to risk a slap in the face by asking the forbidden question, because, if they received a slap in the face, they would have a a sufficient excuse in their own eyes for hugging this precious grievance to their breasts. The man who gets slapped frequently solicits the humiliating blow in order to justify his hatred of a world which permits such indecent things to happen.

The French and British Foreign Offices can and in the circumstances probably must exclude any discussion of Germany's responsibility for the War from the security negotiations. In politics it is usually necessary to deal with one difficulty at a time, and this general observation is more than usually true of the pending negotiations at Locarno. If the conference fails, the failure may well be traceable to the difficulty of dealing with the complications which have already been added to the original issue. Nevertheless the German government showed in our opinion sound political strategy in raising the question of German war guilt before the conference occurred, while at the same time refraining from pressing it after receiving the rebuff. By of-

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fering its face to be slapped it served notice on France and England that, whatever the outcome of the conference, the work of appeasement would remain incomplete until the signatories of the Treaty of Versailles agreed formally to denounce Article 231. European international security is not merely a matter of the guarantees of boundaries and the outlawry of aggressive war. It is also a matter of moral reconciliation. Is moral reconciliation possible as long as the condemnation of Germany as exclusively and culpably responsible for the War remains the official legal pretext for many actual discriminations against Germany?

No matter how justified Mr. Chamberlain may be in excluding the question from immediate diplomatic consideration, he was about one hundred percent wrong in asserting that Germany's responsibility for the War was irrelevant to the security negotiations. If Germany had deliberately precipitated the War in the interest of national aggrandizement and refused to admit her guilt in spite of overwhelming proof to that effect, she would not be the kind of nation in whose promises of future non-aggression France or England would have any reason to believe. The New Statesman has recently expressed this point of view with its usual vigor. "It is seven years since the War ended," that journal has declared, "and we are still pretending that the Germans are an inferior and predatory, if not actually criminal, nation. Such pretences served our purpose legitimately enough during the War, *when we wanted to get the Americans into it* (italics ours) but in 1925 they are merely ridiculous." They are unfortunately worse than ridiculous. They are profoundly mischievous and demoralizing. The incorporation of this little device for fooling the American people in the Treaty of Versailles has woven a lie into the fabric of European public order. It had been one of the most successful lies in the history of the world. Assisted by American credulity it enabled the Allies to win the War. But it was a ghastly mistake to have perpetuated it in the Treaty of Peace. It makes permanent reconciliation impossible. Until France and England repudiate it, the proposed security compact, the Protocol, the League of Nations or any other political and legal mechanism of pacification will remain devoid of moral sanction, and intellectual integrity.

There are, of course, many men, interested chiefly in immediate practical political results, who would challenge our last assertion. It is, they say, action that counts in politics. Since 1919 the European countries have little by little whittled away the objectionable features of the Treaty of Versailles, while at the same time maintaining the formal authority of that document. The security pact, if it is negotiated, will carry this process still further. It will tend to restore Germany to a position of relative dignity and independence in Europe. How foolish it is, consequently, for the German government to compromise the success of the negotiation by raising at the last moment and to the annoyance of its associates an exasperating and contentious question of fact. In the long run it is historical research rather than the Treaty of Versailles which will authoritatively distribute the responsibility for precipitating the War. Would it not be wise, consequently, for the Germans to forget about Article 231 and focus their diplomatic efforts on the best possible practical improvement in their position? Let them face realities. They may, let us admit, actually be less guilty of applying the match to the European tinder box than was Russia, but they were beaten, and as the vanquished nation they must expect to digest some unpalatable medicine. It is natural, considering the fierceness and the frightful losses of the War, that the vanquished should have not for the first few years been treated with scrupulous justice.

There is doubtless some truth in this defense which it would be unwise to ignore, but in our opinion the Germans are nevertheless justified in resenting Article 231 and in insisting on its repudiation. When Messrs. Wilson, Lloyd George and Clemenceau framed the Treaty, they did not use their power over helpless Germany merely to deprive her of certain rights and possessions. They morally justified their behavior by placing themselves on the bench as righteous judges and Germany in the pen as a condemned criminal. As a result of their judgment Germany has been deprived of the power to protect herself against her armed neighbors and is now economically in the hands of a pro-ally receiver. Both France and Great Britain have a vested interest in perpetuating the lie. When it is convenient for them to ignore its implications, as in the case of the negotiations over the security pact, they can temporarily forget it. But whenever they need it to put pressure on Germany they will resurrect it. Neither will they allow any discrimination or injury to Germany which was supposed to be justified by it to be questioned. It is not a dead, it is a living lie. No wonder consequently the Germans brood over the wrongs done to them in its name and refuse to be reconciled until it is repudiated. Article 231 deprives their neighbors of any right to expect good behavior from them. The only possible source of better moral standards in international politics is an increasing integrity in the national consciousnesses of the European and American peoples. As long as this lie is embedded in European public law, German national self-consciousness will remain the victim of a dangerous internal conflict. Europe will officially assert that Germany is a morally inferior nation against which her neighbors are justified in taking exceptional precautions. She must either submit to this stamp of inferiority or protest against it. In either event the Germans cannot escape a somewhat morbid compensation, but it is surely better for them to protest than to submit. There can be no peace in Germany or in Europe until the nations who profit by the lie have the decency to slay it.

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Finding Out What France Will Pay

THE French and American Commissions after negotiating feverishly and temperamentally for almost a week failed to reach a permanent agreement about the funding of the French debt to the United States. For reasons which we have already explained this result is in our opinion as satisfactory as the circumstances permitted, but few observers would agree with us in considering it satisfactory. There seems to be a general disposition to denounce the failure to reach a permanent settlement as deplorable and to impute responsibility for it to politicians in both countries who have deceived their own people as to the facts of French national finance. Some of these censors have declared that, if left to the politicians, a satisfactory settlement of French debt to the United States will remain permanently impossible. They call, consequently, for an application of the method which produced the Dawes plan to the problem of the French debt. They propose to have the question of the French ability to pay referred to the arbitration of an expert commission which will determine the answer in the light of a disinterested investigation of the facts.

There is no sufficient reason in our opinion for distrusting the politicians as completely as this proposed way out implies. Neither in this instance is there any sufficient reason for believing that financial experts could devise a better adjustment of the differences between France and America than that which has emerged from the political hurly-burly. The amount of reparations which Germany will pay to France and Great Britain, and the size of the annuities which France will pay to the United States will depend for their determination ultimately on the action of political agencies. Financial experts will have an indispensable contribution to make to the process of determination, but they cannot, will not and should not decide among the political forces and social values whose clash, correspondence and ultimate adjustment will mold the final settlement. Although the French and American politicians have obscured rather than illuminated for the people of both countries the facts, they are not for this reason to be condemned as officious busybodies who have stood in the way of some obvious and satisfactory bargain. It is quite impossible to declare authoritatively at present how much and when France can pay. The decision depends upon the sacrifices which the French people will undergo in order to pay, and upon the effect of France's approaching financial default upon her social and political practice. The reservations, the evasions, the deceptions, the prejudices and the blind spots of both the French and American politicians in relation to the debt are merely an expression of the unavoidable difficulties of the problem and the impossibility at present of devising or agreeing upon a satisfactory solution.

The politicians have very sensibly decided to postpone a decision. Any practicable plan of financial experts would have been a more or less disguised version of the same simple expedient. If an expert commission were authorized to propose a settlement it could do nothing but analyze the problem, collect the available and relevant facts, separate those parts of the problem which can be dealt with immediately from those which cannot, prepare a plan for the former and suggest that for the present the latter be postponed. The experts, that is, would have to ignore the peculiarly insubordinate aspects of the business and to turn this item over for ultimate resolution by the politicians. Mr. Dawes and his expert associates did not devise and were not commissioned to devise a satisfactory settlement of the reparations muddle. Nor did they reach a scientific determination of Germany's ability to pay reparations. They ignored and were obliged to ignore the sinister conflict between the national interests of France and Germany which the reparation clauses of the Treaty of Versailles created. But assuming that Germany was to pay to the limit, they invented an efficient method of collection and transfer. They set up a mechanism which by its operation would reveal what proportion of Germany's economic product might be devoted to reparations without killing the goose. But the proportion which will actually be collected and transferred in any one year and the number of years for which the collections will continue are as far as ever from determination. These questions are political and moral. The political representatives of the French, German and British people must eventually decide them.

The amount of money which France can and will pay the United States is even less a matter of expert determination than the amount of money which Germany will pay in reparations. In the case of Germany, the Dawes Commission worked on the assumption that Germany could be forced to pay to the limit of her ability. The assumption was only partly true, but it was much truer in the case of Germany than it would be in that of France. The German people were the almost helpless victims of their conquerors, and they were suffering from an intolerable military occupation of their most productive industrial district which they must, if possible, bring to an end. Moreover, the inflation of the mark had wiped out that part of their debt which their government owed to German citizens. But France suffers from no similar compulsion. The amount that she pays will depend, as it should, in much larger measure upon the disposition and calculations of her leaders. The sacrifices which she will be willing and able to make for the benefit of her foreign creditors will in turn depend upon the way in which the French government deals with its financial and social responsibilities to its own people.

The French Republic is faced by a terrifying predicament. It cannot allow the value of the franc

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to collapse without compromising the established political and social order. Yet it cannot rescue the franc without imposing what appear to be politically impossible sacrifices on the French voter and property-owner. Which alternative the French politicians will adopt remains to be seen. Until they have made their choice and the choice has worked its consequences on social order in France, no financial expert and no French statesmen can place even an approximately accurate estimate on what France can pay—except, of course, that it is precious little.

The attitude of the American politicians towards the French debt was just as much the expression of economic, social and political realities which the expert cannot manipulate as was the behavior of the French politicians. It was the result of what under the prevailing economic system the lending of money actually means in the life of the lender. The American government did not possess a surplus out of which it loaned the billions to France. It borrowed the money from its own people and it must raise by taxation the interest which it does not receive from France. By the time the loans are finally paid, it will have paid out to its own creditors twice the sum for which it has already offered to settle the French debt. Even during the period of the five year moratorium the American government will pay every year for the benefit of France a sum which if devoted to education would be sufficient to repair the most obvious weakness in American educational organization. It is no wonder that the American people are extremely reluctant to assume the exclusive burden of this debt. They do not recognize any peculiar or permanent responsibility for the welfare of France commensurate with the proposed sacrifice, and when they entered the European War they had no intention of paying out $150,000,000 and more a year for sixty years for the benefit of the French people. A burden of this kind implies a relation between France and the United States and between debtor and creditor for which the ethics of a capitalist acquisitive society like ours makes no provision.

British statesmen much against their will recognized the force of the considerations which have determined the attitude of the American public and American politicians. That is why they settled on terms which involved only a small loss to the American tax-payer. As good business men they understood what it would mean to place the British nation under a permanent obligation to another people. The French could not adopt the same prudent policy. They are unable to pay even if they would, and they have argued themselves into the belief that they ought not to pay even if they could. It is doubtful whether or how much they will ever give up. The reasonable course in dealing with them is to wait and watch. We shall know much more accurately what they can pay at the end of five years than we do today. The five years moratorium which was patched up by the politicians is, like the Dawes plan of the experts, a modus vivendi during the operation of which additional facts which will help towards a permanent settlement will come to light. No body of experts could have devised a temporary adjustment which is more likely to reveal such facts than the one which has just been reached in Washington. For by discouraging loans it will force the French politicians to face the grim realities of their national finance, and as a result of their efforts to satisfy their creditors at home it will gradually appear whether and to what extent they are able and willing to satisfy the claims of their creditors abroad.

Let There Be Ivy

IN the course of a thoughtful article in a recent Spectator, called Learning from America, Mr. Norman Angell tells a story which, to us at any rate, is new. He quotes from a certain American university publication, as follows:

> There is a tradition in this University that only the faculty are allowed to walk on the gravel path across the Campus. This tradition goes into effect next Monday.

Mr. Angell smiles at this, and we smile with him, and quite possibly the authors of the tradition were themselves amused. But there is in Mr. Angell's smile something which will not be found in the facial expressions of most of his English readers. We can see those faces, and the thought that we cannot at once reply to what we see written on them, and that if we did reply we should probably be misunderstood, is annoying. Temporarily obeying the eternal impulse to condemn unheard, unseen, we can say that the attitude of Mr. Angell's English readers is supercilious, faintly indignant, and also a little perfunctory. With their first amusement at being told that in this country traditions go into effect like time-tables, is mixed no small amount of "I told you so," which is one of the most delicious sensations in the world, and one of the most blinding. "Incredible," mutter the English at each new folly of ours; "incredible." But in their heart of hearts they are not surprised; they knew all the time that we were just like that. We were raw, ridiculous, ridden with Ku Klux Klans, a prey to evolution trials; we offered a thousand opportunities for laughter, some of them rather novel, but of course the root of the trouble was that we were a country without tradition, a country without ivy, moral or intellectual. Therefore how unusually delightful and satisfying will appear this nugget from the Middle West, this naive laying of the cornerstone for a tradition, this proof that most of our faults derive from lack of ivy, including the cardinal fault of believing that we can create our own ivy overnight.

If the little item about the gravel path had come

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to our notice through other channels, if we had found it, for instance, embedded in the Americana of The Mercury, we might have felt almost supercilious ourselves. "This tradition goes into effect on Monday"—it has a bumptious sound. But it has other sounds, too, as we think it over, and, observing that Mr. Angell's amusement rapidly passes into something else, and that he is forced to admire these creators of tradition, we find it easier to escape from our first self-mockery, to turn angrily upon that part of his audience overseas which will only snicker, and finally to defend the ivy manufacturers as gallant pioneers, violently carving their small clearing of culture from a traditionless forest.

The act of the college authorities who dedicated a gravel path for an eternal purpose, beginning Monday, was after all in one of the best of American traditions. Stripped to its simplest and crudest, this tradition amounts to a belief, handed on from pioneer father to Babbitt son, that nothing is impossible, or next-to-nothing. It is an absurd belief, but a valiant and necessary one, and its statistical incorrectness ought not to detract from its spiritual truth. And even to its material truth all America is an astounding witness. Looking at our growth, our vast material beehive, amazingly intricate and ingenious, of stone, metal, machinery, men, organization, only a very rash man, or a very wise one, would deny that "anything is possible in such a country." There is nothing built by man so large that he cannot build a larger one, nothing so smoothly working that he cannot add to its noiseless lubrication, nothing so small that he cannot shrink it still further out of sight. For a long while America was so occupied with her material self that the proud belief was perverted, and the will to do the unbelievable was sidetracked into mere record-breaking. Lately we have awakened from this drunkenness of power, and are a little ashamed of many of the things we were once proud of because they were held to be impossible.

We are beginning to long for other impossibles. Tradition, atmosphere, the echo of lost footfalls, ivy. We envy Europe keenly, and to assuage our humiliation we invade her yearly and bring back objects on which so many more generations of men have sat, from which so many more generations of women have eaten, than have ever eaten off or sat upon anything of our own. But it is an unsatisfactory method, and the antiques, though we have acquired the greater part of them, are not numerous enough to create an atmosphere. Besides, we now realize that an atmosphere is all the more valuable for being indigenous. One party would have us roll our own atmosphere from Indian tobacco, but we are too wise to be persuaded that the Indian is indigenous. Only we ourselves are indigenous, and the atmosphere must be all our own. We are shockingly poor in objects, in furniture, art, churches, ruins, and the accumulation of enough of them to constitute a really thick native atmosphere is a long job. But customs are another matter. We have newspapers, we know how to use propaganda, we have had recent experience in drives, and the technique of nation-wide selling campaigns is one of the things we do best. If people's purchasing habits can be changed, their social customs can be changed too—better than that, customs can be made to spring up where none grew before. We can pick out a few choice customs and call them traditions. After September 15 no male who wants to save it for next year dares wear a straw hat. Whether the motive is a sense of duty, or fear, or habit, it can be ennobled by calling it a tradition, and sooner or later people will forget how the custom began, which forgetfulness marks the promotion of a custom into a tradition. And as with trivial traditions, like the wearing of straw hats, so with great traditions like the dedication of a particular gravel path to the footsteps of learned men.

Tradition by act of will. . . . It sounds foolish, yet in many ways it is a splendid and Promethean gesture. Time and the Gods reserve fire to themselves, man steals it, and one of his uses of it is the annihilation of time. Time has been cruel to us; we were born late, and are behind in the race measured by ivy on the walls. Is Time against us? Then let us annihilate Time.

Consider the stone wall, now a tradition, once an act of will. Look upon this field, these barren New England ribs, with their shivering young trees, boxed in by wall older than any tree. They do not belong to man now, but to the earth; they are no longer separate rocks, but eternal ribs. And yet not long ago the placing of each rock was an act of will. These walls seem inevitable now, but "only by effort is the inevitable accomplished." The men who placed the rocks sweated blood for a living, and did not have time to say to themselves, as they might easily have said: "It is the tradition of New England to leave stone walls. We'll begin that wall right away. Lord knows when we'll finish it, but the tradition begins tomorrow. And just to make people know we were thinking of tradition, we'll plant a little ivy here and there."

And there was ivy.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Have Faith in Florida!

HAVE faith in Florida!—That is the appealing cry of the fundamentalist—the Floridian, either bred to the soil or long enough a sojourner among the sands of the state to call it his own. Have faith in the future of Florida, he pleads. If you have faith, a little capital, and if you are able or willing to stick, you can't lose!

Never mind the land speculator, you are cautioned. Forget the quick money-maker, the fortune achieved over night by a single "deal," the clatter and clamor of the real estate curb market, and the jazz and ballyhoo of the "development" promoters! Just come with your flivver and your family, sleep out of doors until you can build a shanty or in a twelve-dollar-a-day hotel until you can find a rooming-house. Come by day coach, if you prefer, by Pullman, on the rods or aboard your yacht—but come and stay awhile.

Once you get here, of course, you might as well invest in something. . . .

It is easier to preach faith than to practice it; that is, if you have spent as much time as I have in surveying the paved and sidewalked sandy wastes, now selling by the lot for $100,000 an acre; the artificial islands built at enormous cost where there is already more unoccupied land than a crow can fly over in a day; the artificial lakes, where there is water enough to float in winter all the aged and infirm millionaires in the world; the thousands of houses, miles removed from centres of population and activity, and the vast swamps, picturesquely known as Everglades, deep, dank, dark and impenetrable to all save the moccasin, the birds of the air and the Seminole Indian.

I would not assert that there is nothing sound, solid or substantial in Florida, or that its skilfully advertised boom is a bubble, destined to burst with a bang some bright morning. Neither do I know when this puncture will come, if it ever does. Even though it should, I do not believe the state will flatten like a blown-out tire. A total collapse would bring disaster to too many interests which are in Florida but not of it, interests powerful enough in resources to buttress the structure for an indefinite time. There is too much already in the pot for any of the big gamblers to pull out.

Then too, I am impressed by the magnitude of many of the permanent projects, visible to the naked eye. One railway system is spending $25,000,000, raised in Wall Street, for Florida extensions. Another is double-tracking its main line in the state for 300 miles and a third is building a second track wherever it has only one from Richmond to Jacksonville. Five new steamship lines are establishing or will establish freight and passenger service on the two coasts as soon as they can get terminals.

No one could fail to be impressed by the fact that the big life insurance companies, which lend money cautiously, have placed $300,000,000 in Florida properties. Or by the fact that with all the settling that has been done by the 500,000 immigrants in five years, only 2,000,000 of the 32,000,000 productive acres in the state are producing. Or by the fact that Florida farm crops have increased in value from $33,000,000 in 1910 to $82,000,000 in 1920. Or by the fact that bank deposits increased 2,318 percent between 1900 and 1923.

We read in the papers that alarm has seized whole sections of the North, the West, the East, the New England "Far East" and even the South, as a result of the Florida migration. There must be something portentous about it when the Mayor of Indianapolis finds it necessary to stage an ambitious demonstration to discourage further removal of Indianians and their money to Florida; when the banks of Columbus, O. unite in an advertising campaign to keep their people at home; when commercial interests of Virginia want a special session of their legislature to appropriate money to counteract the Florida movement; when more than 10,000 people have left Atlanta, Ga., within the past few months and transplanted themselves to Florida, and when $800,000 was transferred from the banks of St. Louis in a single day to the banks of Tampa. We are bound to agree that there must be something to it all.

The railroads were unable last summer to withdraw a single winter train from the Florida service. Some of them have been actually lengthened and travel southward upon them is taxing them to capacity. What is more, the freight movement is so heavy as to overwhelm the carriers. All of them have found it necessary to lay embargoes against all freight movements except fuel and food for man and beast. Congestion at terminals in the state is so tight and the effect upon business is so serious that bankers, land brokers, professional men and other soft-handed gentry are engaged at perhaps a hundred places in unloading cars to relieve the jam.

It is impossible to be a bear on Florida's future in view of all the intriguing facts. They speak for themselves. The rush is on. The fever is raging. The boom cities are filled to overflowing. People crowd the sidewalks day and night and spill over into the streets. Construction gangs are working three shifts. Food and shelter are at a premium. The cupidity of rooming-house keepers and eating-house proprietors is past belief. In every town and city, real estate offices flourish like green bay trees. In downtown Miami there are twenty to the block. They are jammed with salesmen—knickered, coatless, hatless and sleeveless young men scouring the town for buyers.

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Their talk, once a customer is cornered, is of money made for them with the simple deposit of an initial payment on a corner lot. They glow with pride over this development or that, the splendors which are to adorn some subdivision, the artists, sculptors, architects and other geniuses whose gifts have been engaged to roll into one the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome—plus "real, up-to-date American comforts."

More beguiling, however, than dreams of the things to be, are the tales of fabulous fortunes acquired by this man and that, piled up within a few months; of a certain piece of ground that changed hands three times in twenty-four hours with three profits of $10,000, $20,000 and $30,000 each; of real estate in Miami selling at $40,000 a front foot—more than values on Fifth Avenue, New York; of truck drivers, dry-goods clerks, hod-carriers and others of low degree who have thousands of dollars in the banks, handed to them by their brokers for small holdings. One is literally dazzled by the riches promised by these high-pressure salesmen and yet the salesmen themselves do not seem to be burdened with gold. And when one encounters them at the hot-dog stands, one wonders what is wrong with the system. It is easy—for me at least—to be a bull on Florida as a whole, after seeing the best as well as the worst it has to offer the world, and at the same time to entertain a reasonable doubt as to the fate of the ultimate buyers of the building lots in any one of a hundred of the great development projects that checker the map of the state.

The building lot is now the unit of Florida promotion. True, there are some large tracts of land being taken up to be subdivided into small farms, and others to be farmed on a large scale or to be held until a buyer appears. But the big game in Florida is the individual lot. It is the one thing within the reach of all. Countless syndicates have been formed to market them. Millions of dollars have been and are being expended to make them alluring. The great subdivisions spread out from Miami, for example, like a fan. They extend up the East Coast in an almost unbroken chain to West Palm Beach. They surround Tampa and Orlando and St. Petersburg and Clearwater and Sarasota. Every town and village is in the home-site business. Sample houses without number have been built upon these subdivisions. They run from the adobe type of the Mexican village to the Florentine villa, a mixture of the Moorish, the Castilian and the Italian. All are of hollow tile and cement construction and all highly colorful to the eye—some pea green, some sky blue, some terra cotta, some a deep red.

In the Miami-West Palm Beach region, a strip of land sixty miles in length and not more than two miles wide, served by a single railroad and one through highway, there are sold or for sale somewhat more than 500,000 home-site lots. There are 100,000 in one development. If on every one of these lots a home should be built and a family installed, a total of not less than 3,000,000 people, or about as many as there are in Chicago, would live in these two cities and along this one railroad and the one turnpike. Where, in the name of high heaven, are they to come from? What are they to do, once they arrive? How are they to make a living, with the Everglades behind them and the Atlantic Ocean in front? How will food and clothing and fuel and the rest of it be transported to them? How will they all get there? These questions can be multipled indefinitely. There is no answer, except that no such number is coming.

Elsewhere in Florida there are another half a million building lots marked out carefully along paved streets. There must be a thousand miles of these paved subdivision streets in the state, and two thousand miles of newly-laid sidewalks. Tens of thousands of palms have been transplanted to give shade and a tropical air to the development. Hundreds of thousands of hibiscus plants, poinsettias, poincianas and other exotic shrubbery add to the charm of these properties. Norwegian pines, cypresses, camphors and palmettos line the main roadways.

Of the 1,000,000 building lots in Florida land syndicate holdings, it is claimed that approximately 300,000 already have been sold. Sold to whom? I asked. Sold to investors! That is the whole story. The lots are sold to men and women who bought them for no other purpose than re-sale. Of the 300,000 purchasers—assuming there are that many—it is to be doubted if half of one percent have any notion of building homes upon their holdings or of occupying those homes, if built. The remainder of the buyers are little or big speculators—most of them little—who were seduced into a gamble by an itch to make some easy quick money without working for it.

Every effort to find out what percentage of the investors in home-site lots have made a second or a third or a final payment upon their purchases was met with suspicion and failure. The sales managers did not care to discuss that phase of their business. But they did not conceal their worry over the possibility that in time tens of thousands of these lots would be thrown back upon their hands by buyers who found no profitable re-sale and who were willing to forfeit their initial payment and get out.

There is no use wasting any sympathy upon these petty gamblers in land. Most of them must know that they are taking a chance. If they win, well and good. If they lose, the answer is that they should have known better. And this much is to be said in behalf of the land promoter and for the protection of the investor: the lots offered for sale actually exist, none of them are under water, the developments and improvements promised are under way. There may be some faking and crooked work, but there is not much.

That there is inflation is quite another thing.

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It exists on every hand. It is traceable largely to the frenzied activities on the Miami land market of a few months ago. Much of it goes back to the desperate and reckless gambling by a mob of floaters who filled the city and for a time threatened to run amuck. Eventually these were driven out of business and out of town, but not until drastic action by the more reputable brokers became imperative.

The land-gambling is the most obvious and spectacular aspect of the "Florida movement"; but it is, of course, not the only one. Behind the speculator is the tide of population making his activities possible, a tide so huge that beside it the greatest migrations of history seem insignificant. It is a startling demonstraton of how rich we are, that so many of our citizens can afford such an expensive playtime as is the average Florida visit. And there is food for thought in the fact that so many Americans are in such eager pursuit of pleasure. It is impossible to see the Florida spectacle at close hand and not ask yourself: what will be happening here in ten years' time? What sort of country is America coming to be, when it finds the satisfactions it obviously does in a place like this?

J. FREDERICK ESSARY.

Give a Lead

An American Impression of the British Labor Movement

LEADERSHIP becomes effective after the group has chosen its objective, when it knows where it wishes to go. The British labor movement, as represented at the fifty-seventh Trades Union Congress at Scarborough, is patently without an objective: consequently it has no leaders. There are numerous cliques, each with its favorite spokesman—Cook for the miners, Thomas for the railwaymen, etc.—but no common aim coördinates these personal-loyalty groups. These are, in fact, manifestations of disintegration. It is not surprising therefore to note that the most frequently-recurring phrase on the lips of speakers—aside from "class war," "working-class solidarity" and similar jargon was: "Give a lead." In one morning's session six speakers pleading on behalf of six different issues implored someone to give a lead. Their prayers were unanswered.

A deliberative assembly lacking direction and leadership will naturally behave in peculiar and confusing ways. Thus the Congress refused a resolution calling for "one big union" but subsequently voted for international solidarity. To evade the particular while embracing the general is perhaps a common habit of humans, but the British mind seems particularly susceptible to this procedure. A resolution calling for the organization of shop committees appears on its face to be a simple method of getting something done. This expedient was never discussed on its merits; the entire debate centred about a generalization upon which the motion was presumed to rest, namely the principle that the workers must "struggle for the overthrow of capitalism." Nothing was said concerning the technique of shop committees or their functions. On the contrary, what actually was debated was communism and syndicalism. The process appeared, to an American accustomed to pragmatic approaches to problems, to lead toward confusion rather than clarity. The disproportion between proposed means (shop committees) and ends (overthrow of capitalist system) typifies the mood of the delegates. Resolutions dealing with practical problems were hurriedly rejected or passed, and debate became exciting only when revolutionary implications were revealed. This tendency to "sacrifice practicability in order to vindicate doctrinaire preconceptions regarding the reorganization of society" pervades, so far as my observations go, the entire British labor movement.

The house of British labor is divided. On the one side stand parliamentary socialists who believe that a new social order may be created by means of constitutional or political instruments: the *evolutionists*. Opposed is the small group of direct actionists, contemptuous of politics and politicians and determined to achieve their ends by the use of industrial or economic means: these are the *revolutionists*. The latter group is the present minority but its powers are prodigious; it may, and partially does, dominate the movement. The industrial situation is desperate and promises to become more so. In the hour of despair, the group which offers the shortest cut to relief may win by virtue of opposing inertia.

The older and seasoned adherents of the political wing have been manœuvred into the disagreeable position of reaction. They have become the advocates of caution and whatever leadership they retain may be attributed largely to traditionalism and personal affection. Ramsay MacDonald is still an important factor and will need to be reckoned with whichever way the wind blows, but I cannot avoid the feeling that he will never again be called to national leadership. Something mysteriously demoralizing has happened to this older group—something which may be partially accounted for as a by-product of the failure of labor government. But it goes deeper. A dose of responsibility may do a great deal toward sobering critics and propagandists but these leaders are more than sober. They are frightened. The Bolshevik bogey man

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has been creeping under their chairs. He has, indeed, in the shape of youthful and impertinent communists, pre-empted some of their seats. They must now do battle on two fronts, communist and capitalist, and for the moment they appear to be preoccupied with the former. So long as strength could be concentrated on frontal attacks they were effective; the enemy of the rear has destroyed their strategy.

The industrial or trade union wing of the movement goes steadily toward the left while the political or parliamentary section goes to the right. The reverse was true a short time ago, and this inversion of position remains to be accounted for. First of all, it must be remembered that shifts of this sort have occurred before. There are reasons for believing, as many British observers do, that such changes follow certain subjective rhythms and are hence less significant than they appear. My inclination leads in the direction of a more objective account based upon events. The politicians of the movement are growing old, not necessarily in years but in experience. The brief period of labor government which satisfied no one has precipitated widespread disillusionment. The recent victory of the coal miners accompanied by the threat of a general strike has generated new faith in the superiority of industrial weapons. Reported progress in Russia tends to renew enthusiasm for revolutionary methods and the Moscow formula advances over the London. Added to these probable and, to me, reasonable explanations is the portentous fact that British industry is sick unto death. England is in the throes of malignant industrial disease and pessimism reigns in all quarters. It is entirely possible that the appropriate hour for political therapeutics has passed and that only economic surgery will answer the present need.

But who are to be the surgeons, and what tools do they purpose to use? This, it seems to me, is the most significant question which emerges from the above observations. Those of the left are alone ready with an answer. All others rest their faith on the presumed and unique capacity of Britishers to "muddle through." But there are limits to the muddling process and if I am not greatly in error, those limits are in sight.

E. C. LINDEMAN.

M. Poincaré and War Responsibility

IS it possible that the power of a lie is even greater than it is pictured as being in the fine book of the Norwegian novelist Johan Bojer? Its power sometimes disheartens those who seek to defend and bear witness to the truth."

With these words ex-President Poincaré begins a remarkable article on The Responsibility for the War in the October number of Foreign Affairs. The distortion of the truth, he goes on to say, makes one inclined to give up attempts at refutation and "to wait for time in its wisdom to reëstablish the balance. This is a mistake. For falsehood is thus given an opportunity to outdistance truth and legend is allowed to take the place of history." Because I am in perfect agreement with M. Poincaré in this belief—though it is a different lie I have in mind—I venture to add to his article a few footnotes in the interest of what I conceive to be historical truth.

"Mr. Richard Grelling, an honest German who acknowledges the wrongs committed by his country, draws attention to the Reich's recent attempts to clear Germany of all responsibility for the World War" (p. 1). Neither the Reich officially, nor leading experts like Count Montgelas against whom Grelling's latest volume is mainly directed, attempt to "clear Germany of all responsibility." They do attempt, and justly, to deny the historical accuracy of the dictum of the victorious Allies that Germany and her allies were *solely* responsible. All serious historical students now agree that the responsibility was a divided responsibility. They disagree merely as to the relative degree to which Serbia, Russia, France and England, as well as Germany and Austria, were responsible. In view of Grelling's extremely bitter attacks upon his own country, his persistent disregard of facts, and repetitious misrepresentations, many students no longer place confidence in his statements, nor even regard him as intellectually "honest." It is to be regretted that M. Poincaré, referring to him twice, appears to continue to place confidence in him.

"M. Pierre Renouvin. . . has examined the arguments advanced in different countries with scrupulous care, has given deep consideration to the claims of Germany's defenders, and has just published his conclusions in a remarkable book" (p. 13). This is true. M. Renouvin abandons the story that the Kaiser plotted or wanted a European War, that Russia's fatal general mobilization was caused by that of Austria or by the false news of German mobilization. In fact, he sweeps away many of the legends which have been so often cited as proofs of Germany's guilt. Unfortunately his book deals only with the events of the July crisis of 1914, while M. Poincaré's responsibility, if one may venture to use the phrase, relates mainly to the two years which immediately preceded the War. M. Renouvin is a careful objective scholar, honestly seeking the truth, and sticking closely to the contemporary documents which he weighs judiciously. It is to be regretted that M. Poincaré does not follow this method. He too often cites as "positive proofs," not the contemporary sources, but the later opinions of men

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whose vision had been obscured and judgment warped by war prejudice, propaganda, and political interests of the moment.

"It would be a simple matter to show, year by year and point by point, that, before the War as since, the foreign policy of France has been carried on in the open and in complete accord with Parliament" (p. 3). If this is really so simple a matter, it is a pity that M. Poincaré has not done it, and effectually silenced the growing number of critics in France who deny this very statement. As a matter of fact, it is very doubtful whether it would be so simple. The French Parliament never knew until 1918 the text of the Franco-Russian Alliance; not until later still did it learn of some of the secret military understandings which were agreed upon by the French, Russian and English Military Staffs, which were not even revealed to all cabinet members, but which tended to give the Franco-Russian Alliance, especially under M. Poincaré's régime after 1912, a more aggressive character. Only by opening the archives or publishing the secret diplomatic documents which embody his pre-War foreign policy can M. Poincaré give a convincing demonstration of this "simple matter." But this he has persistently refused to do. The Herriot ministry last year promised that something should be undertaken in this direction, but unfortunately Herriot's overthrow appears to have led to the postponement of this most desirable undertaking.

In seeking to defend himself from his critics, and in insisting that he acted only openly and in complete accord with Parliament, M. Poincaré takes occasion to contrast "imperial Germany, prussianized, accustomed to confound the ability to use force with the right to use it, an entire stranger to democratic customs and unacquainted with liberty," with "France, steeped in the doctrines of the French Revolution, familiar through long usage with the ideas of justice and equality, and free from warlike aspirations." There is much truth in this contrast between the *people* of Germany and the *people* of France. In the years before the war, German public opinion, with the exception of the Socialists (a large exception) was relatively bellicose; the German press had helped make it so, and the German government had often influenced the newspapers in this direction instead of restraining them. French public opinion, on the other hand, was, for the most part, pacific, and inclined to restrict the Franco-Russian Alliance to its originally defensive character. M. Poincaré and M. Izvolski, however, had done their best to influence the French press, in spite of the warnings of men like Jaurès, in the direction of adopting the three-year term of military service and the support of Russian Balkan policies, though the latter threatened to entail an Austro-Russian conflict which would have automatically involved France and Europe in a general conflagration. In admitting some truth in this contrast between a bellicose German public opinion and a pacific French public opinion, one must be on one's guard against accepting M. Poincaré's identification of his own policy with that of the general sentiment of the French people, and also his implication that in democratic France the secret understandings which comprise foreign policy were known to, and controlled by, the legislature, while in autocratic Germany this was not the case. In reality, in neither country was the legislature aware in detail of the obligations which its Foreign Office had contracted. The Chamber of Deputies knew neither more nor less of the secret liabilities which extended the character of the Franco-Russian Alliance between 1912 and 1914 than did the Reichstag of the secret liabilities contracted at the renewals of the Triple Alliance. Had the legislatures in the two cases known fully the situation, one may perhaps argue that the Reichstag would have been unable and unwilling to restrain its government, while the Chamber of Deputies would have wisely followed the lead of M. Jaurès instead of that of M. Poincaré. In discussing war responsibility, and in reading M. Poincaré's reiterations that "France has always been pacific," one must keep in mind this divergence between the pacific French *people* and the policy of secret military and naval "understandings" of the French Foreign Office. This divergence is reflected so frequently and persistently in the documents which we already have that it cannot be dismissed in magisterial fashion. While being cautious to accept a great part of the charges which have been pressed, with increasing acceptance in France, by French writers like Pevet, Marchand, Caillaux, Morhardt, Victor Marguerite, Fabre-Luce, Judet, Lazare, and others, one must note that this divergence between what M. Poincaré did, and what the people knew, constitutes a serious problem which needs further clearing up.

"The Franco-Russian Alliance was merely a defensive display, rendered necessary by the Triple Alliance. . . . All the documents relating to the negotiations and to the conclusion of this alliance, as well as to the military and naval annexed conventions, have been published in their entirety in a Livre Jaune" (p. 6). The first sentence is true, the second false. The Franco-Russian Alliance in its origin and early years was certainly essentially defensive, and probably remained mainly such until the latter part of 1912. So also was the Triple Alliance in its origin essentially defensive; but it tended to become less so at successive renewals, owing to the aggressive desires of Italy and Austria. What has not been sufficiently recognized hitherto is the fact that both the Franco-Russian and the Triple Alliance were transformed in character in the years before the World War, from originally defensive, into potentially offensive alliances; that is, any member of either alliance could pursue an aggressive policy, and feel pretty sure that, if this goaded a great power into an attack upon it, it could count on the armed sup-

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port of its allies. The existence of the Triple Alliance enabled Italy and Austria to carry on their aggressive policies in Tripoli and the Balkans. The existence of the Franco-Russian Alliance, strengthened by the assurances received from M. Poincaré on his visit to Russia in July, 1914, enabled Russia to count with certainty upon the armed support of France should a Russo-Austrian conflict arise from Russian support to Serbia. Russia's championship of Serbia in 1914 was one of the chief immediate causes of the World War. But in the earlier years of the defensive period of the Franco-Russian Alliance, and probably down to the Balkan victories of 1912, France no more felt called upon to support Russian aggressive policies in the Balkans and the Far East, than did Russia to support French colonial adventures in North Africa or elsewhere.

The character of the Livre Jaune of 1918, to which M. Poincaré appeals, is significant. In connection with the origins of the Franco-Russian Alliance between 1890 and 1894, when the Alliance was essentially defensive, probably nothing of importance is concealed; the documents extend over 128 pages. In the period 1912-1914, when M. Poincaré was the dominant force in French foreign policy and when a Franco-Russian naval convention was added to the existing agreements, there are only *seven* meagre pages. The Livre Jaune does not contain "all the documents." It does not contain the procès-verbal of the conversations of the naval officers who arranged the terms of the naval convention. It does not contain the protocols of the agreements between the French and Russian Staffs which were complementary to the military convention. It does not contain any of the correspondence in regard to the five hundred million franc loan which M. Poincaré desired to have France make to her ally, only on the condition that it should be used exclusively for Russian armaments and for strategic railways to facilitate the movement of troops against the German frontier.

"The French Government felt so little confidence in the Russian Ambassador [Izvolski], that in August, 1912, I made energetic representations about him to M. Kokovtsev, President of the Russian Council, asking for his recall" (p. 10). This is a revelation of first-rate importance—the only really new fact in M. Poincaré's article.

Supposing the statement is accurate, it rather curiously tends to confirm a charge which M. Poincaré's French critics have made against him. Briefly stated this is as follows. M. Georges Louis, French Ambassador at St. Petersburg, feared the danger of Russia's aggressive ambitions in the Balkans, and wished to restrict the Franco-Russian Alliance to its originally defensive character. Owing to this, and to his alleged inaccuracy in transmitting Sazonov's views to Paris, Izvolski and Sazonov were dissatisfied with him. Sazonov also thought he had a personal grievance against him, arising from the fact that Russian police, who had discovered how to decipher the French secret diplomatic code, in spying upon M. Georges Louis's telegrams, had discovered a phrase which M. Sazonov took as a reflection upon himself. Thereupon M. Izvolski, possibly on his own initiative but probably under instructions from Sazonov (their statements conflict on this point), requested of M. Poincaré that M. Georges Louis be recalled and some one else be sent as French Ambassador to St. Petersburg. M. Poincaré at once complied with the request. On May 8, 1912, he had M. Paléologue telegraph to M. Georges Louis "invoking his patriotism" to resign his ambassadorial post. "I, like him [Poincaré]," added the man who was later to be appointed to this very post, "am forced to recognize the imperious necessity of your replacement."

Suspecting that Izvolski was intriguing against him, and being assured by Kokovtsev that the Russian *government* knew nothing of any request for his recall, M. Georges Louis begged M. Poincaré to delay his decision and hurried to Paris to lay his suspicions against Izvolski before M. Poincaré in person. One of the most influential members in M. Poincaré's cabinet, M. Léon Bourgeois, opposed yielding to M. Izvolski's request for M. Louis's decapitation. Meanwhile, something of the affair had leaked out, and several newspapers raised an uproar against the unwarranted interference of the Russian Ambassador in Paris in French affairs. M. Poincaré found himself forced to issue a sweeping denial that any request had been made to him for M. Louis's recall, and the Ambassador returned to his post.

These events give color to the charge that M. Poincaré at first yielded to M. Izvolski's demand that he should get rid of an ambassador who had been unwilling to see his country give unconditional support to some of Russia's Balkan ambitions. Then, having learned some of the facts from M. Georges Louis, and finding that M. Izvolski had involved him in a most embarrassing intrigue, his resentment might well have led him a few weeks later to make "energetic representations" to M. Kokovtsev, asking for M. Izvolski's recall. In fact, prudence ought to have pointed in the direction of insisting on his recall and in placing more confidence in M. Georges Louis. The reverse took place. M. Izvolski remained at Paris until 1917. But on February 17, 1913, M. Georges Louis was suddenly notified of his dismissal and replacement by M. Delcassé, one of the most aggressive French ministers since 1871. M. Poincaré had just been elected President of France, and the responsibility for the change in French ambassadors to Russia could be technically placed upon the shoulders of the Minister of Foreign Affairs who succeeded him.

After being thus "politically assassinated," as his friends call it, M. Georges Louis's diplomatic career was ruined forever. He died on April 7, 1917, in the midst of the war which it had been his aim to avert. Between his dismissal and death, he made

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notes of interesting conversations with leading personages, which were published in 1924 as Carnets d'un Ambassadeur. M. Poincaré dubs these "dialogues of the dead," and devotes a paragraph to an attempt to discredit them. When they first appeared M. Poincaré instantly produced readily made denials of the accuracy of the conversations from men who had been closely associated with his foreign policy preceding the war: M. Pichon, Jules Cambon, and Paléologue. Conspicuous by its absence was any similar denial from M. Léon Bourgeois; this honest patriot and large-hearted friend, who had helped avert M. Georges Louis's dismissal in May, 1912, and whose loyalty to France and its President had prevented him from exposing to the public the truth of the intrigue against M. Louis, was at least unwilling to join M. Poincaré's chorus in attempting to discredit his memory after his death.

Readers who are interested in the dramatic details of M. Louis's tragic fate, as well as in important diplomatic documents which M. Poincaré withheld from the "voluminous Livre Jaune, the existence of which," he says, "seems to be completely unsuspected by students of the Soviet documents" (p. 8), should read M. Ernest Judet's Georges Louis, Paris, 1925. They will find in this volume much personal venom and exaggeration. But after reading it, they will be better able to judge of the truth of M. Poincaré's conclusion concerning this unsavory affair: "With or without M. Louis, France's policies remained unalterably pacific and no sympathy toward imaginary Russian ambitions ever turned us from the paths of peace" (p. 12).

Parenthetically I may add here that I am not unaware of the existence of the "voluminous Livre Jaune," though I have also studied the Soviet documents. So long as one was largely dependent on Soviet documents in judging M. Poincaré's pre-War policy, I hesitated to express, or even to form, an opinion concerning it, for I quite realized that M. Izvolski might be none too trustworthy a reporter of M. Poincaré's conversations. It was not until after noting the omission of most important documents from this voluminous Livre Jaune on Balkan affairs, as well as important omissions and some alteration of documents in the deliberately prepared French Yellow Book on the July crisis of 1914, that I have gradually come to a less favorable view of his conduct of French foreign policy and of his candor in the matter of war responsibility. In many minds, his own writings tend to weaken rather than strengthen confidence in his statements, so that, unless he changes his methods, he may be doing himself a disservice in preparing the larger work which he says he has in mind. A French writer (Lazare, A l'Origine du Mensonge, Paris, 1925), who has subjected M. Poincaré's volume on Les Origines de la Guerre of 1921 to a merciless criticism, ironically congratulates France on possessing a man capable of "making, unmaking, and remaking history," thus surpassing Carnot, who only decreed victory, because M. Poincaré can "fabricate and decree the truth, in virtue of the rights which (according to M. Pichon) victory gives over the vanquished."

Lack of space forbids me to add foot-notes to M. Poincaré's feeble arguments that Germany is guilty because "it was Germany who declared war" (p. 4), that Russia is blameless because "mobilization is not aggression" (p. 19), or to point out the important questions which he evades completely.

It may be added, on M. Poincaré's behalf, that he and France are being subjected to a good deal of exaggerated and unjust criticism by French writers who, because the French archives have not been opened and no satisfactorily complete and candid publication has been made from them, are inclined to suspect that France was more responsible for the World War than may be really the case. This was exactly the unfortunate position of Germany during the War. It was not until Karl Kautsky and his collaborators made a full and frank publication from the German archives that a considerable revision of opinion everywhere took place, in the direction of believing her to have been much less responsible than had usually been supposed on the basis of the stupidly meagre German White Book of 1914. Those who love France, as I do, and wish to see truth prevail, therefore hope that M. Herriot's project of publishing in a satisfactory way the French diplomatic documents relating to the causes of the War may soon be realized.

SIDNEY B. FAY.

Washington Notes

TO me smugness has always been one of the most intolerable qualities which those who are considered or who consider themselves statesmen can possess.

The bitter thing about it is that in politics as well as in private life almost invariably it is a quality accompanied by all the homely virtues—rigid honesty, high personal morality and an impeccable respectability. I do not want to be understood as harboring affectionate admiration for the frank political rascals or as preferring as public servants the dishonest but engaging fellows who do not beat their breasts and proclaim the purity of their souls. I know the other sort are much the more worthy but they are extremely hard to bear none the less and I quite fully appreciate and sympathize with the immense irritation and annoyance which Senator George Wharton Pepper of the great state of Pennsylvania causes among his colleagues in the Senate and among some of those who play the game with him in Pennsylvania as well as those who play it against him, merely by being himself.

It is useless to deny that Senator Pepper is a good man and an able one. It sticks out all over him. The trouble is that he is so infernally and obviously conscious of these facts. It would really amaze him to know the extent of his unpopularity in the Senate and astound him to hear some of the things said about him. He would not of course believe them or be disturbed by them. He would, if they were said openly, look upon his detractors as unfortunate and misguided men with slightly unbalanced minds, and

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treat them with a broad and tolerant kindness well calculated to drive them crazy.

All this is by way of comment upon the campaign for renomination Senator Pepper now is conducting in Pennsylvania. If there is anything sweeter and more smug than the way in which the Senator commends himself at this stage of his campaign I cannot now recall it. It is easy to understand the deep growls of the Pennsylvania anti-Pepper people and the ferocity with which they refer to him. It is also easy to understand the lack of personal enthusiasm over their candidate among certain of the pro-Pepper practical political leaders.

The statements that particularly infuriated certain members of the Pennsylvania group now gathered in Washington were those made by the Senator a few weeks ago when, rested and refreshed, he returned from the North and plunged into the fray. The utterances that emanated from him at that time, both directly and indirectly, reeked with a political piety almost beyond human conception. The idea promulgated by them was that here is a great and godly man whose soul soars above sordid things and whose one aim in life is unselfishly to serve his country—a sweet and noble character who will gladly sacrifice himself for the good of the people and continue to work for them in the Senate but will have no traffic with political bosses and political machines, will neither consult with them nor seek their support. All of which would be fair enough if it were not for the well known fact that Mr. Pepper at the moment had the solid support of the biggest and most powerful machine in the state, namely the Mellon-Reed machine, the practical operation of which is in the hands of some of the hardest boiled and least altruistic politicians alive.

However the Pepper mind is so constituted that to it a political machine that supports his candidacy or to which he belongs automatically becomes purified and is henceforth referred to by him as the "organization." It is the opposing Vare organization that is called "machine" and is necessarily sinister to him because of its opposition.

Notwithstanding the fury his goodness inspires in his political foes and the curious lack of admiration and affection it meets with from his supporters, the chances are growing stronger, I am told, that Mr. Pepper will be renominated in May regardless of both Congressman Vare and Governor Pinchot. This is due not so much to appreciation of the worth of Senator Pepper as to the brutal bigness of the Mellon-Reed machine. Really it is due to Senator Reed. Without him Senator Pepper's primary strength would be negligible. Those who know the state best believe that Reed is rapidly succeeding to the position in the state so long occupied by Penrose.

No one is quicker to recognize political strength than Mr. Coolidge and it is no secret that Mr. Reed draws much more water at the White House now than his more imposing looking colleague—and naturally.

Speaking of Mr. Mellon, it is amazing how little reaction there was to the rather sensational assault of the Federal Trade Commission on the Aluminum Company of America and its allegation that this company, controlled by the Mellon interests, is a wicked monopoly which openly and consistently violates the federal law in its methods of doing business.

The press and the public passed the charges up as utterly unimportant and uninteresting. It is merely one more proof of the unshakable complacency of a prosperous people. Ten years ago charges such as these would have kicked up a big dust. The newspapers would have bristled with excitement, the Cabinet officer would have been compelled to issue a statement in defense of himself, the President would have taken some notice. There would have been a demand for action and everybody would have regarded the matter as serious.

Actually, it is serious. Here is a responsible agency of the government making the deliberate charge that a Cabinet officer consistently breaks the federal law he is sworn to uphold and citing the facts to prove the case. If that is not serious then what is? But does anybody take it seriously? They do not.

At the time of writing this, aside from the French-American debt negotiations, the thing of chief interest in Washington is the blaze which has been built under Secretary of the Navy Wilbur. Several newspapers, some of them strong supporters of the administration, have joined in a demand for him to quit. Of course he ought to have gone long ago and if he had been a sensitive soul he would have. But he is not. The grounds upon which his retirement is now asked are the disasters in the Navy under his administration. There was ample reason long before, however, for him to get out if he had been alive to his own deficiencies and to the atmosphere about him. There is something of the smugness of Senator Pepper about Mr. Wilbur without any of the real ability of Mr. Pepper. Since last fall when he made his absurd speech in the campaign, was yanked off the stump by the National Committee and privately spanked by the President, there has been an obvious coldness to Mr. Wilbur in White House circles that would long ago have brought a resignation from a more discerning man. But not from him. He will not go until he is pushed and I do not believe the President will do any pushing. That is not his way. He will be cold as ice to Mr. Wilbur, and he has been, but he will not push him. He will wait for the din to die down and then wait for the problem to solve itself. That has been the consistent Coolidge policy pursued successfully for nearly thirty years —waiting.

The interesting thing is that most problems do work themselves out if let alone. Most of the President's have. He never acts if he can avoid acting. It is the caustic Senator Caraway who asserts that the modern Republican Senatorial version of the adage, "the king can do no wrong" is, "the President won't do a darn thing."

Washington. T. R. B.

Movie Comedy

Five policemen and an obese lady thief
Hurtle across Los Angeles and drown
In lager beer upon a pretzel reef;
And all the babies of a peaceful town
Rebel against a sentimental song
And strangle their mothers with agility
Before I realize that anything is wrong—
O blessed irresponsibility!
Buster Keaton and the lovely Turpin;
Charlie Chaplin and a custard pie
Large enough to put a healthy purp in—
The joyous humor of a bloody cry . . .
I hurry home and kill my wife for fun
Before I think what else I might have done.

WILLARD JOHNSON.

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Butter and Eggs

The Butter and Egg Man, by George Kaufman. Longacre Theatre, September 28, 1925.

WITH his partnership in To the Ladies and Dulcy to his credit and Beggar on Horseback, Mr. George Kaufman cannot be overlooked when he tries his hand alone. In those plays written with Mr. Marc Connelly the qualities of the collaborators mingle and merge and leave us guessing which is which, what tinge in the drama appears from this author, what from that, and what part in the sum of their exploration into the human comedy belongs to one, what to the other. With The Butter and Egg Man, written single-handed and launched on his own hook, the Kaufman side of things has a chance to be defined; what he gave to these successful plays of the past, Dulcy and To the Ladies and Beggar on Horseback is more easily seen.

The pervading quality that appears in The Butter and Egg Man and that, come to think of it, you can remember from the other comedies, is a certain wise and gentle mindedness, a distribution of the parts of life that is sane and amused and kind. There is a sort of patient judgment in conclusions, and a firm and gentle fairness in settling the issue raised by the plot and situation. On these characteristics the solution and the development of his new play rest, and through them it is never foolish, never perverted or arbitrary in its logical scheme or its general lay-out. The point of view set forth in this comedy is shy, very little insisted upon.

That this point of view is kind and sensible we are certain. From its details, however, the knowledge of humanity displayed and the familiarity with its material, we know that The Butter and Egg Man could go much further than it does with what it talks about. We know that it could but does not, and the shortcomings of this comedy of Mr. Kaufman's derive from this, from this shyness perhaps about its stress and emphasis, about making sharper its comment on the life it portrays and making the sunny sting and satire of its mind a little more guiding and more insistent. It ought to be an easy thing for his next comedy to say a little more of what he thinks of the life that he can record so convincingly and that he makes so engaging and amusing and so happily in the right direction.

Now and then in The Butter and Egg Man hokum is employed, fooling and stage padding, where really there is every chance for carrying the observation further, for pushing the character nearer to its final exhibition, for allowing it more of the edge and thrust of its absurdity and truth. There could be a little more exacting observation and more will to make the audience use its brains and swallow hard over the crisper facts of the people and things presented. In that hotel room, for one instance, when the various persons gather after the first night to criticize the play, the characters and the impulses could go much further. At present they let us off very easy, we feel too safe in their creator's good sense and lovable humor to worry over their meanings or application to us, and too delighted with their comicality to wonder about our own.

As to the practicability of this going further with the development of the material and the comment upon it, the question of whether or not leaving it as it is now will not prove to be better theatrical instinct and more certain of Broadway success, I should say that Mr. Kaufman need not worry about that. His stage sense and experience and the comic material that he knows so well, ought to carry him as far as he may like to go and ought to give him assurance about telling us more of what he himself thinks of his events and characters and of us.

Mr. James Gleason of Is Zat So fame has directed The Butter and Egg Man, and kept it going adroitly enough, though I think Mr. Kaufman himself could take it now and fill out the well-oiled stage action with his own more subtle and truly comic detail. The company plays fairly well, Miss Lucile Webster especially, as the manager's free-minded and contrary wife, a former exponent of Indian clubs in a vaudeville act, and Mr. Denman Maley as the hotel assistant who puts his money into theatrical production. Sweetness and purity on Broadway need a thick coating, evidently, to combat the more lurid elements around; the brave young ladies who portray it are apt to make themselves into little sundaes from which we must scrape off the top layer before we can swallow them; and so Miss Sylvia Field cannot be held too strictly to account for the somewhat concentrated innocence of her good little stenographer who marries the hero. The Peggy Marlowe of Miss Eloise Stream is played with the simple relish, and the entire lack of anything to say about the character, that so many young ladies bring just now to the part of prostitutes on our stage. Better an aged crone, toothless and chaste but with some comment on the character, than this business of sticking out the feet, smoking cigarettes and nightclubbing around in a fashion that is obvious and long since stale.

The Butter and Egg Man concerns a manager with a new piece under way that needs money to float it through Syracuse, Albany, Providence and the other stands that will polish it down for New York. A young man appears from Ohio, with twenty-two thousand left him by his grandfather. He has produced plays in his home town and made a hundred dollars for the Hospital Fund. He wishes to make a fortune for his mother by investing in production. The play is tried out in Syracuse, from all appearances it is impossible. The manager reviles his backer; Jane Weston, the stenographer, defends the young man. She is dismissed, and in a moment of chivalry he offers to buy the entire production. The hotel assistant, stage struck and long desirous of a manager's career, comes to his rescue with the necessary money. The play turns out to be a tremendous hit on Broadway with golden threats of police intervention. But instead of going on in this business, with its dangers and allurements, the hero sells out the show with all its liabilities and lawsuits to the first and swindling owner of it, and goes back, he and his sweetheart, to start a hotel business of his own in Ohio.

If the character of Mr. Kaufman's play is so lovable, hilarious and wise, Mr. Gregory Kelly's performance is not less so.

He puts into the hero's part a kind of goodness of intention and innocent mindedness that we like to think of as American, and that in this case secure his hero from verging toward a mere farcical sucker. His method is economy itself. The mentality behind his playing is delicate and moving without ever being elusive or soft, and without being tainted with the vanity of a stage pet, which only his good sense and sincerity need prevent his becoming. His equipment, his body and voice and emotional force, are very much limited but are precisely employed; his time sense is even more precise; a broken rhythm, a quick beat, tells the audience all they need of the comic meaning; in a pause he can give them everything in his heart.

STARK YOUNG.

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A Novel of Henry Adams

IN 1879, Henry Adams brought to Mr. Henry Holt the manuscript of a novel called Democracy, which was published, at Adams's request, anonymously. Democracy had, in its time, a considerable success, first in England, and afterwards, as its reputation reached America, in the United States; but it has long been inaccessible, except in the Tauchnitz Edition. Mr. Holt has now republished it*, and it deserves to be put into currency again, not only by reason of the interest which now attaches to anything connected with Adams, but on its own merits as a novel. Democracy shows a much less dispirited and, in some ways, more attractive Adams than the philosopher of disintegration who appears in the Education. Though already sufficiently sceptical, he has not yet fallen into that desolating mood of detached and despairing rumination which colors his autobiography. At the time of the writing of Democracy, he had still a stake in life: he could still write of his Washingtonians with a genuine warmth of sympathy and describe the coming of the Washington spring with a genuine delight. In spite of the severity of his conclusions in regard to democratic politics, he is able to contemplate the democratic experiment with more benevolence than afterwards became possible for him. "I believe in democracy. I accept it," says a character evidently intended for Lowell. "I believe in it because it appears to me the inevitable consequence of what has gone before it. Democracy asserts the fact that the masses are now raised to a higher intelligence than formerly. All our civilization aims at this mark. We want to do what we can to help it. I myself want to see the result. I grant it is an experiment, but it is the only direction society can take that is worth its taking; the only conception of its duty large enough to satisfy its instincts; the only result that is worth an effort or a risk. Every other possible step is backward, and I do not care to repeat the past. I am glad to see society grapple with issues in which no one can afford to be neutral."

As a novel, Democracy suggests the earlier novels of Henry James. James, in fact, parallels certain of its scenes—such as the excursion to Mount Vernon—in his own sketch of Washington in Pandora, published in 1884. Nor does James in all respects prove Adams's superior. Democracy is vivid, entertaining and rather skilful. It never falls into those colorless longueurs which constituted James's most dangerous pitfall from his earliest days—those interminable unbroken paragraphs in which we are told, in general terms, how the characters felt or behaved, instead of being shown them illustrating the situation by appropriate action. This tendency on James's part appears to have been partly due to what he himself would have called an insufficient saturation with his material: everything that he tells us is authentic but there is not quite enough to go around. Whereas Adams strikes us as knowing American society, in some respects, more intimately than James. James at Washington, as elsewhere, was an intelligent visitor; Henry Adams was a resident, whose position for observing both the public and the private life of the place was probably almost unequalled. And this gives Democracy a vitality as fiction and a value as social document which Pandora, admirable as it is, cannot pretend to.

Democracy presents, however, more interesting similarities to another novel of James, The Bostonians (written in 1885). The hero of The Bostonians, like the hero of Democracy, is an intelligent Southerner who has fought in the Confederate Army and who, after the war, has left an impoverished plantation to earn a living by practicing law. Both figures are made to serve by their creators as sticks to beat democracy with; the careers of both have quite plainly the same moral: that a Southern gentleman ruined in a bad cause remains a more admirable member of society than all the vulgarians, scoundrels and fools who enjoy the complacency of triumph. John Carrington, in Adams's novel, saves a very high-minded New York lady from the fate of marrying a corrupt Western politician, and afterwards, we are left to suppose, marries her himself. Basil Ransom, in The Bostonians, rescues, and marries, a girl of fine temperament and character who has been exploited by a set of evangelists. The real passion of indignation which has inspired both these novels appears especially in the violence of their conclusions. Adams has tried to sympathize with his Illinois demagogue and to allow him to defend his point of view, and James has tempered his scorn for the vulgarized and, as it were, Chautauquan, representatives of the degenerating transcendentalism of New England. But, in each case, when the author has reached his climax, an immoderate fury breaks out. The former not only causes his unfortunate politician to be most cruelly humiliated by the lady he is ambitious to marry but has him first taunted and finally struck across the face with a cane by a cynical and sympathetically presented Belgian baron whom he meets as he is leaving the house. And Henry James, with an energy unusual with him, concludes The Bostonians with a terrific scene in which his hero snatches away Verena Tarrant just as she is about to lecture at the Boston Music Hall, to the consternation and disappointment of a gigantic audience who have paid to hear her. "Not for worlds, not for millions," he cries, "shall you give yourself to that roaring crowd. Don't ask me to care for them, or for any one! What do they care for you but to gape and grin and babble?"

Today the moral indignation which has given rise to the melodrama of these novels would seem a little naïve. Indeed, we feel that James and Adams, like their heroes, have applied to a society certainly vulgar and corrupt a set of standards a little narrow and a little unsophisticated. It is not that they should disapprove of the conditions they describe but that they should be shocked and enraged by them to this degree. Yet, here they stir us and carry us along with them: it is only as their attitude of moral and æsthetic superiority persists into their later years that we cease to be persuaded by it. There are pages of the later Henry Adams by which, even in understanding the inevitability and the tragedy of his maladjustment, we are irritated; and the same is true of the later Henry James.

Thus at first sight we are inclined to feel that, in guarding their prejudices and principles so jealously, James and Adams eventually became prigs. But on second thought, we may perhaps reflect that, though these principles may have involved a sort of provincial moral snobbery, they represented also a deep sense of public honor and a very high standard of taste. We may measure how far we have ceased to expect either by the extent to which the sentiments of their heroes now seem to us fabulous.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Holt will follow Democracy by a republication of Adams's second novel, Esther.

EDMUND WILSON.

* Democracy, by Henry Adams. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $2.

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Fairy Tales for the Old

OUR country was not young from the beginning. It had to achieve youth. From the old world came old shoots: the transplantation as often as not aggravated their antiquity. Ere we could be young, our elements had to rot and to be remingled. This took time. And it may broadly be said that only with the opening of the West and the demise, in civil war, of our old sectional cultures, did America become at last a single sprawling infant.

Even then, the sectional elderships persisted. They took many forms. None more pleasant than the glowing second-childhood of New England which stands expressed in the stories of Miss Jewett.* These are tales mostly of Maine in the later decades of the nineteenth century. And rightly enough the best of them are about old women. The occasional story of a child is sicklied over with an aged cast: for instance, Sylvia of A White Heron is an old woman's child, and lives with an old woman. And when there is a wooing in The Country of the Pointed Firs the maid has grown grey in service of her mother, and the man—son of the almost centenarian Mrs. Blackett—is a simpleton past fifty. But whether the scene be the Poor-Farm or a spruce island home or the tiny palace of Queen Victoria's Twin, there is ever a single glamorous illusion making the substance and life of these sweet tales. And it is the manner of illusion that dwells in the hearts of folks who have grown sweetly childish, rather than sour, in their senility.

It is not necessary to insist that the farms painted by Miss Jewett are about as "realistic" as the England of Alice in Wonderland or of Tennyson's Idylls. Yet these uniformly charming people, so pure of thought, so innocuous in action, so redolent in manner of lavender and lace, are true, although the theatre of their verity is the poetic fancy of Miss Jewett, and the audience which accepts and applauds them is at least in sympathy decrepit. We must all snatch from our coming days the nodding wish to turn from the rot of our world into a sweet-scented realm of senile wishes, in order to enjoy Miss Jewett.

The Maine of a mature mind, contemporary with these stories, must have revealed men and women more like the persons of Robert Frost, more like those one feels, rather by reaction than by direct creation, in the works of Thoreau, Hawthorne, Margaret Fuller, Melville. And yet these kind and well-groomed vagaries of Miss Jewett are no less a result of the crass facts—no less respectable. The spirit of them is a sort of iridescent mist rising from the shut pools of that life.

Of course, stories with substance so wistful and so misty cannot rank high as art: and we must not permit our present mood of American reminiscence to which are due so many biographies, so many re-editions, so many reconstructions, to blind us to their frail value. The fairy tales of youth have greater destiny, because they have harder substance. The child transcends his world: his ebullient vaulting energy despises a mere unmastered round of fact and with parabolic power brings Mystery to earth. But with second-childhood, reality is too much and is avoided by a sharp reduction. Energy, exhausted, draws back in catatonic gesture; recreates smallnesses to dwell in as a comfortable offset to the no longer challengeable world.

Such process is the clear testimony in these tales whose literary worth Miss Cather has had the fondness to compare with that of Huckleberry Finn (a fairy tale of youth) and The Scarlet Letter—perhaps the maturest dream of any American romance. These perfumed pictures of that land of pointed firs is a gross reduction of the truth. All the primary lines, colors, forms are missing. Indeed, all life-welling passion, all organic substance have been mulcted out by the desire for Peace: and what remains is a predigested brew of natural descriptions and carefully balanced converse—a true diet indeed for old and toothless gums.

Yet, although their stuff be small, these tales have loveliness. And one rereads them, after all these years, marveling at the grace with which their frailties have aged. The scenes of nature are good lyrics. Although Miss Jewett's sea has become strangely gentle, like a parlor pet, it is still living: it is captured somewhat as life is captured in certain two-dimensional prints from old Japan. The dialect has the mark of absolute perfection; and yet is musically mannered so that none of the conscious stress on veracity is there to irk one. But above all—those women, those adorable, impossible old ladies, brewing tea, gossiping, sewing! They are there, not like our grandmothers, but like our childish vision of them—like what our grandmothers would have liked to be, to our rapt young love. Even this sentimental splendor is reduced to a kind of loop-hole glimpse. And yet the lens is never blurred and the effect has all the negotiability of art.

There was a strength in old New England which passed maturity without losing all its power. There are wild flowers still in these rock-bound fields that go to seed hardily: they do not scatter or fall with the first turning away of the summer sun; but wraith-like they stand aloft upon their stems and let the autumn air run through them. Something of this prowess is in Miss Jewett's stories. For all their simplification, for all their romantic refusal of the true stuff of tragedy—finally, hence, for all their subtle denigration of New England which deserves greater and more athletic art, these tales bear well. They may be tales of senescence—of a soul's twilight: but this is a soul not impotent even in decay.

Most of them appeared in magazines well over thirty years ago. As one measures them with what has followed, one is dismayed. For hidden in their glamor is a sinister seed. True enough are tales which spring from a felt illusion. But it is only the lie which has brought forth progeny. The hallucination of Miss Jewett, making her see such paragons of peace and sweetness in the New England farms, causing her in all solemnity to compare the "Bowdoin reunion" with "a company of Greeks going to celebrate a victory, or to worship the god of harvest"—this peculiar magic of old age could not be copied and has not been transmitted. Only the trick of reduction, only the simplification, only the falsehood. And the consequence, patented and standard, swarms within our fiction magazines and in our novels.

The fairy tale turned formula—the fairy tale without the motive of youth or of old age—becomes the harsh, cold, mechanical, nugatory art which makes up most of our current "competence" in fiction. It marks the extension into literature of the processes of mass production which belong to an industrial age. It is responsible for the factories and sweat shops whence reading matter is turned out for the million. How it came to be born you can trace in the soft, warm—gradually shallowing and self-repeating art of Sarah Orne Jewett.

WALDO FRANK.

* The Best Stories of Sarah Orne Jewett, with a Preface by Willa Cather. The Mayflower Edition. Boston and New York. The Houghton Mifflin Co. Two vols. $4.

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An American Stendhal

SINCE the days when, we are told, and a few of us try to verify the information, Harriet Martineau wrote a series of novels to illustrate the workings of all the important laws of economics, the English have frequently given us novels and plays in which social, political, and economic forces are really the protagonists, and the individual intrigue is secondary. Tono-Bungay stands precisely at the point of equilibrium between the two interests; The New Machiavelli definitely slips into the first category. Similarly Widowers' Houses is on one side, Candida in the centre, and Heartbreak House, for all of its social implications, is remarkable for its intense emotion about individuals. In America the novel of great forces is hardly practiced. Norris certainly had it in mind with his epic of wheat, but in The Pit he did not quite manage to identify his characters with the forces, or symbolize the forces through the individuals; the Dreiserian epic is, in its weaker part, a study of economic developments, but the memorable things in it are all personal. Our political novels degenerate into stories of high life and bribery in Washington; The Honorable Peter Stirling is our ordinary personal romance in a political milieu; the same thing is true of Edward Sheldon's The Boss, The Nigger, and The High Road. Marching Men is an impassioned effort to dramatize great impersonal forces, but it is not successful; and Main Street, which is in its way successful, deals with small forces, not with great.

All this is natural in a highly romantic country, where the individual counts for so much, where every boy can become President, although so few do; where "personality" is studied, taught, and exploited until it takes the place of character. And this makes it all the more remarkable that we should have produced a novel* quite in the grand manner of dealing with profound ideas, underlying social motives and forces, and the causes uniting and dividing our national consciousness. Mr. Morrow has taken his title from Stendhal; and from Stendhal he has learned, also, to write harshly, brilliantly, and with dignity. He has seen that in spite of the comparative physical immunity we enjoyed during the War, spiritually our situation is very like that of France after the Napoleonic usurpation, that an almost catastrophic upheaval has broken down fixed habits of thought, and just as in France the two great careers were the clergy and the military, so in America the two great intellectual careers are, in the extreme manifestations of each, the radical and the Ku Klux Klan, the red of Bolshevism and the black of Fascism.

The Julian of this American Red and Black conceives personal success a little more naïvely than did Julien Sorel. He wants to live fully in his country, to understand the world as in his time; he wants to be essentially an American, and his intellectual temper is such that he cannot be satisfied until he learns what to be an American may mean. In a brilliant series of chapters Mr. Morrow shows his hero trying to live in the creative periods of our history; as the descendant of an immigrant he can vaguely understand one of our dominating forces; equally the descendant of a pioneer, he savors the excitement and the hardship of another. Rightly or not, he believes that the two forces, correlative, fulfilling each other, exist today—the immigrant as the thinker, the American who cares for his emotions and his leisure, the liberal, the easy-going one, and ultimately—it is a long jump—the radical. The pioneer, because the first pioneers were the Anglo-Saxon stock, figures for him as the harder type, the business man intent on financial success, the type in which a realistic grasp of affairs overlays and eventually destroys an underlying sentimentality, and the American who holds out for exclusiveness and purity in forming the American character.

Mr. Morrow's intelligence takes him swiftly out of the class of propagandists; although this is a novel of ideas, it is also a work of fiction, and the necessity of fiction is, in this case, that the conflicting powers be rendered without melodrama. The radical is not the bogey of A. Mitchell Palmer, the reactionary is no dull snapper-up of Lothrop Stoddard's Nordic bunk. To those at all acquainted with liberal journalism, the second of these triumphs will be the more surprising. Dramatically the Klan and the Dayton trial serve admirably to illustrate cleavages in our social scheme; but merely to cry reactionary and fundamentalist is not to answer, it is certainly not to understand, a possibly dominant type of mind. Mr. Morrow has made Williams, the severe moral upholder of the Anglo-Saxon hierarchy, as much of a patriot as he has made his radical Eliot. In Williams Julian recognizes a fierce passion for the persistence of American ideals, and whenever Eliot returns, as he always does, to the Washingtonian dictum that we have raised a standard to which the free men of the world may rally, Williams remains persuaded that only the intensity and the purity of Anglo-Saxon notions of order, of decency, can make that standard at all worth while. Essentially, Eliot sees America as part of a world-system, digesting and correcting other ideals; essentially Williams knows that America is apart, that it must hold to a kind of intellectual exclusion act, or become only another state of Europe.

So far one would say that the intellectual solution would be to make Julian a compromising liberal, but the author has avoided the mistake by a neat turn in his hero's mind and in his life. It seems to Julian that there must be some stability, something rigorous and definite, in America, as there is in other nations; he cannot believe that this country must go on for ever wavering between the red and the black. Since the beginning of his maturity he has himself wavered between those endless oppositions which the very richness of American life presents; he has wanted to develop his mind and to assure himself a fortune; to be a philosopher and to create political situations; to stand apart from the chaos of America and to sink into it. In that double desire, to know and to do, to experience and to speculate, he finds himself most American. In his dissatisfaction with the ragged edges of his love affairs he finds another clue to the American temperament; he can nowhere fit his emotional life into his intellectual life, and longs equally for the English political hostess and the French maîtresse-intriguer.

Mr. Morrow has wisely not followed Stendhal's scheme to the execution block; the tensity of the American situation is so much more lax that that violent end would have been absurd. He has contented himself with showing the play of forces which he perfectly understands upon an individual whose history is really the history of coming to understand. There is no solution in the book, there is only a steady illumination. Inevitably there are weaker points: labor and education are figured much more sketchily than advertising and journalism. But even the elements he treats badly and obviously not from any deep personal knowledge, are in perspective; Julian is aware of labor as an American needs to be aware of it, knowing vaguely its mystery and

* Red and Black, by James Morrow. 12 mo. 322 pages. Bailey Press. $2.50.

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its threat. It is a phenomenon, but only one, of a power. So all the major elements in the book are presented, well or not so well for their own sakes, but always well for their function in the development of Julian's mind. I might add that the book is written with a delicate balance of grace and strength; I might even go further and say that the only real fault I can find with it is that, as far as I know, it has never been written at all.

GILBERT SELDES.

Sea Holly

Begotten by the meeting of rock with rock,
The mating of rock and rock, rocks gnashing together;
Created so, and yet forgetful, walks
The seaward path, puts up her left hand, shades
Blue eyes, the eyes of rock, to see better
In slanting light the ancient sheep (which kneels
Biting the grass) the while her other hand,
Hooking the wicker handle, turns the basket
Of eggs. The sea is high today. The eggs
Are cheaper. The sea is blown from the southwest
Confused, taking up sand and mud in waves,
The waves break, sluggish, in brown foam, the wind
Disperses (on the sheep and hawthorn) spray—
And on her cheeks, the cheeks engendered of rock,
And eyes, the color of rock. The left hand
Falls from the eyes, and undecided slides
Over the left breast on which muslin lightly
Rests, touching the nipple, and then down
The hollow side, virgin as rock, and bitterly
Caresses the blue hip.

It was for this,
This obtuse taking of the seaward path,
This stupid hearing of larks, this hooking
Of wicker, this absent observation of sheep
Kneeling in harsh sea-grass, the cool hand shading
The spray-stung eyes—it was for this the rock
Smote itself. The sea is higher today,
And eggs are cheaper. The eyes of rock take in
The seaward path that winds toward the sea,
The thistle-prodder, old woman under a bonnet,
Forking the thistles, her back against the sea,
Pausing, with hard hands on the handle, peering
With rock eyes from her bonnet.

It was for this,
This rock-lipped facing of brown waves, half sand
And half water, this tentative hand that slides
Over the breast of rock, and into the hollow
Soft side of muslin rock, and then fiercely
Al ost as rock against the hip of rock—
It was for this in midnight the rocks met,
And dithered together, cracking and smoking.

It was for this,
Barren beauty, barrenness of rock that aches
On the seaward path, seeing the fruitful sea,
Hearing the lark of rock that sings, smelling
The rock-flower of hawthorn, sweetness of rock—
It was for this, stone pain in the stony heart,
The rock loved and labored; and all is lost.

CONRAD AIKEN.

CORRESPONDENCE

Science and Religion

SIR: The editors of the New Republic should be complimented on the clarity with which they analyze the situation between science and religion. The writer hopes that he is one of those who have caught the spirit of religion without the icons. At least he has thrown the images overboard; and he feels that this is the only procedure for those capable of so doing. For the rest, the compromise that you outline is not only a possible one, but I suspect that it is the actual one that is working out in the more enlightened churches. Did not a somewhat similar thing accompany the breakdown of paganism in the Roman world?

Whether scientists of non-supernatural, non-theistic convictions should coöperate in this compromise is another matter. If your religious tolerance is to be more than a fiction, they should not. If freedom of scientific thought is to continue, they must insist on their right not to do so.

The writer fails to apprehend any evil consequences following upon an overthrowing of religious and theological icons by persons in general. Practical morals is independent of theological theory. No group on the whole exhibits a higher moral standard than those men whose philosophical or scientific studies have led them to overthrow the traditional religion altogether; no other group has at times exhibited greater deviation from the moral standard than certain theologians and clergy. I realize, however, that a belief in the supernatural, the essence of traditional religion, is one of the most fundamental aspects of human nature, and doubt whether any very large number of persons now or in the immediate future will be ready to give it up.

I appreciate your discussions, and hope you continue them.

MELVILLE H. HATCH.

University of Michigan,
Ann Arbor, Michigan.

SIR: I was deeply interested in your editorial in the issue of September 9 on Reconciling Science and Religion. I wish all our secular journals would give as much space as you do to the thoughtful consideration of such absorbing problems. May I contribute to the discussion two brief suggestions?

It has not been so much a warfare of science and religion as a warfare between new discoveries of science and traditional notions held by everybody. The fact that theologians shared the traditional notions of the men of their time cannot justly be held to reflect discredit upon religion. The Ptolemaic astronomy, witchcraft and the separate creation of species by God were notions championed by the scientists of a bygone day quite as much as by theologians. When some theologians lured a Roman Congregation out of its proper sphere to condemn Galileo they were no doubt applauded by many contemporary scientists. My reading of history may be at fault, but I know of no instance in which there has been a conflict between genuine scientific discoveries and the truths of revealed religion as set forth in the Nicene Creed. The Darwinian hypothesis and the theory of evolution do not conflict with the statement in the creed that God is the Maker of heaven and earth and of all things visible and invisible. God can work through age-long evolutionary processes quite as well as through special creation.

In what you term the crisis of the war between science and theology you insist that religion must choose one of two courses as a solution of the problem. Your description of these two courses, which I would call the Unitarian and the Modernist solutions, is admirable. But is there not a third solution open to men of intelligence, namely, the acceptance of the supernatural facts of revealed religion as historically true? At a definite period in human history there walked in Galilee and Judæa a prophet, Jesus of Nazareth, who was God incarnate. He was born of a Virgin, was crucified, raised from the dead. Forty days after His Resurrection His glorified spiritual body was withdrawn from this planet. These events are historical facts capable of being evidentially tested and established quite as much as the conquest of Gaul by Julius Cæsar. No discovery of biology, geology, archæology, anthropology, or historical criticism has ever disproved any of these facts. After the lapse of nineteen centuries they are still believed in by all but the merest fragment of the Christian world—Catholic, Orthodox and Protestant.

SELDEN PEABODY DELANY,
Editor, the American Church Monthly.

New York, N. Y.

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A Usable Past

The Life of Abraham Lincoln, by William E. Barton. The Bobbs-Merrill Co. Two vols. 1033 pages. $10.

IT is said that the great crisis calls forth the great man. I suspect that posterity has a hand in the business. If it be possible (I don't know whether it is or not) to conceive of the South having won the Civil War, Lincoln would no doubt have been remembered as a vacillating man, wholly unfitted for the great task laid upon him. But in fact the North won the war; and so historians, being under the necessity of explaining the sequence of events, easily select those words and deeds which prove Lincoln to have been the great man for the great crisis. The mind of the historian rests satisfied because he has discovered a "cause" or an "explanation" of the event, or else he has discovered a "cause" or an "explanation" of the event because his mind rests satisfied—take your choice! This is what is called "seeing the past in perspective."

If this seeing the past in perspective is something of a myth, at all events, since we cannot get behind the event, it is an inescapable one. But posterity will not be satisfied with so prosaic a myth as that. Posterity requires not only intellectual quiescence but emotional satisfaction. Upon the fundamental myth which thrusts greatness upon the victorious, it therefore embroiders others. We must think of the Civil War as an epochal event in the upward struggle for human freedom, otherwise it becomes a mere disaster, a catastrophe, recalled with emotional distress. It is convenient, so limited is our imagination and so treacherous our memory, to have all the significance we attach to this great struggle entrusted to a personality for ready reference. For this great service we have chosen Abraham Lincoln. He has become a symbol which consoles us. If anyone raises distressing questions about democracy or the Constitution we have only to think of Abraham Lincoln. He saves us by a vicarious atonement.

Of course it matters not that the man himself died but sixty years ago. It matters not that he was in his lifetime the observed of all observers, who have set down in clear English what he said and did. Over all that is prosaic we throw the engaging light of our own emotions. In this light we see him as the obscure rail-splitter, raised by accident or Providence to be the inspired leader of a great cause, the man of vision and principle, shaping men and circumstances by humane feeling and rational purpose. Misunderstood and calumniated, he becomes the solitary man in the White House, a man of sorrow, burdened with grief, sitting always in the shadow of calamities, seeking guidance from God, eschewing the advice of politicians. We picture him chiefly as granting reprieves, or writing letters of condolence to mothers whose sons have fallen in battle, or standing with majestic sadness to deliver unregarded but classic addresses.

Is this the man who liked his joke in season and out, who told smutty stories, who reveled in the cheap humor of Petroleum V. Nasby? It is. There is of course no harm in the parable pointing a moral, but whatever does not fit in with the picture is easily explained, or explained away. Lincoln laughed that he might not weep, turned to humor as a relief for unbearable sorrow, and never told coarse stories except for a refined purpose.

> Some good people [says Mr. Barton] have seemed to feel that they must show that Abraham Lincoln took his humor on a physician's prescription. He did nothing of the kind. When he lay awake at night reading Nasby and found something funny, he laughed because he enjoyed it; and if the enjoyment was more than usually great, he got out of bed and paraded around the White House in his shirt to discover if anyone else was awake who could share the fun with him. He did not take up his humor as some men take up golf, for his health. It was good for his health, but he did it because he enjoyed it.

How shameful, but how enlightening, to picture the man shambling through the Blue Room in his nightshirt! How heretical, but how refreshing, to be told that Lincoln read Nasby because he thought it funny!

Heretical or not, this is Mr. Barton's merit, that he has tried to discriminate between the Lincoln that lived in Illinois and Washington, and the Lincoln that lives in the imagination of posterity. For this task he has many credentials. He has studied his subject for many years with painstaking care. He has tried to ascertain the "facts" exactly. He has brought much commonsense, although no great imaginative power, to the interpretation of the facts. What emerges, with much effort on the part of the reader it must be confessed, is a man of respectable antecedents, excellent intelligence, and high integrity of character; lazy but ambitious; profoundly reticent and often despondent but exhibiting a surface geniality that won him many friends; a man painfully educating himself in a rough and bare frontier environment, and by his qualities slowly achieving local distinction as a lawyer and a politician. We see this man elected to the presidency by the ordinary methods, making the normal bargains, assuming the duties of his high office with hesitation but without timidity, foreseeing the future scarcely more than others, often doing nothing because he did not know what to do, making important decisions on his own initiative, painfully, most often as a result of instinctive feeling afterwards rationalized by practical commonsense logic. We see him alternating between despair and confidence; we see him by a mixture of what looks like luck and good sense at last scrambling through the war with the big battalions on his side.

What emerges also, and chiefly, is a complex and enigmatic personality deepened and strengthened by responsibility, the essential character coming slowly clear of the superficial traits and mannerisms. What persists, what enlists our curiosity and wins our admiration, is a temperament essentially humane and objective; a mind essentially sceptical, inquiring; a personality at once reticent and expressive, modest and yet confident to the point of arrogance, sensitive and delicate in respect to the fundamentals of conduct, often coarse and obtuse in respect to its outward forms; a man looking out upon life without malice or vanity, with sympathy and tolerance, with magnanimity, yet savoring the irony and the futility, the folly and the pathos, the meanness and the nobility of human striving. History, like life, is forever transforming the problems which it never solves. If Lincoln is to be accounted great it is not so much for what he did as for what he was. What is chiefly admirable in him is his attitude toward life, which was humane, and his approach to its recurring problems, which was pragmatic and disinterested.

Need it be said that Mr. Barton's book will not destroy the Lincoln legend? If any book could do that it would be one by an author who possessed, in addition to Mr. Barton's knowledge and honesty, a surpassing talent for literary expression. It is more to the point to ask whether it would

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do any good to destroy the legend. All the "newer historians" tell us that the past should be brought "to bear directly on the present." Doubtless it should. Certainly nothing else ever has been, or ever can be, done with it. The past is gone. It can never be recovered as in itself it really was. It can only be reconstructed by an act of imagination, through memory. When the past is not in memory it is nothing. When it is in memory it not only bears directly on the present, it is a part of the present. But memory will mold the past in some measure near the heart's desire. The scholar molds the past in one way, the man in the street in another. But the scholar's way is the truer. That is its merit. Its disadvantage is that it is useless for most people. No doubt the truth shall make you free. But free to do what? To sit and contemplate the truth?

CARL BECKER.

The Brotherhood of Man

The Races of Man and Their Distribution, by A. C. Haddon. New York: The Macmillan Company. 201 pages. $2.50.

Social Origins and Social Continuities, by Alfred Marston Tozzer. New York: The Macmillan Company. 286 pages. $2.50.

"RACE" is a biologic term, and the classifying of human beings according to physical characters is a zoologic problem. Professor Haddon of Cambridge University is a zoologist who has specialized in the genus Homo and is competent to tackle that problem. His conclusions as set forth in The Races of Man are safe, sane, and sound. But they are not final, and it is to Haddon's credit that he is aware of that fact. He knows—as do all anthropologists, some zoologists, and a few psychologists—that there is one and only one human race and that every attempt to classify Man according to any one or any given number of specific physical traits ends in a more or less complete failure.

Using head hair as a basis for his preliminary classification, Haddon finds no "races" but three main groups of mankind: the woolly-haired; the smooth, wavy, or curly-haired; and the straight-haired. And yet in a single village on the coast of New Guinea he found "practically every variety" from woolly-haired to straight-haired! A village of mixed population, of course. But what else can the poor classifier take for his "preliminary" classification? Skin color, shape of head, character of nose, stature? What? When the attempt is made to classify mankind according to two or more of these traits correlated, the problem becomes hopeless.

Haddon's main groups, as well as his minor divisions based on skin color, head form, etc., are abstractions, mental concepts. The concepts of Nordic and Alpine "races," for example, are "merely convenient abstractions helping us to appreciate broad facts." The broader fact is that anyone may have as many "races" between North Cape and the Ionian Sea as suit his argument—and defy Haddon, Deniker, Ripley, or the Eugenics Society to prove the contrary. A "pure" race is a biologic impossibility; there are extreme types or variants such as the Dachshund, the Aye Aye, and the Bushman.

Physiologically speaking, Man is a single species. The line of his descent is not yet known. No "race" is older than any other race; no "race" is in all respects more primitive or more like our hypothetical ancestor than all other races. The results of cross-breeding are not yet known, nor have the geneticists yet isolated any single normal character of Mendelian inheritance. The influence of change of environment upon heredity is hardly at all understood. Stature, e. g., is an environmentally modifiable factor; the actual factors which make for modification are not yet known. Haddon knows all this, and minds his step. Those who are interested in the geographic distribution of hair character, skin color, head form, etc., and the physical characters of the occupants of the inhabited regions of the earth today, will find the facts in The Races of Man.

But if they are looking for facts that can be distorted to bolster up any innate Nordic virtue nonsense, they must go elsewhere. For, as Haddon points out—and it cannot be pointed out too often—to classify mankind according to physical characters is one thing; to classify peoples by culture or by language is a horse of a different color. When our sociologists and pseudo-biologists who dabble with Eugenics and fuss with Immigration realize that Haddon's flat-footed assertion "there is no such thing as racial culture" is good sociology, good biology, and good religion, they must change their tone or their profession.

If Haddon does not convince them, they may turn to Tozzer's Social Origins. When I turned to that modest book I said to myself: "There's a catch here somewhere; this is too good to be true." It did not seem possible that the same University could find room for the author of Is America Safe for Democracy? and the author of Social Origins. And curiously enough, both books were first voiced as lectures before the Lowell Institute of Boston, although the title of Professor McDougall's Is America Safe for Democracy? was Anthropology and History, or The Influence of Anthropologic Constitution on the Destinies of Nations. His "anthropology" was wrong and his conclusions flatly contradicted those of Professor Franz Boas in his lectures on The Mind of Primitive Man delivered before the Institute in 1911. Tozzer's lectures before the Institute last year mark a return to science and should end McDougall's career as an anthropologist.

"Just as that peculiarity which enables a man to become a great mathematician (or a great musician) is certainly innate and hereditary, though we cannot define or conceive of what this hereditary basis consists; so also the development of the highest moral character only proceeds upon the basis of a hitherto undefined innate and hereditary peculiarity," said McDougall.

Says Tozzer: "There is no present evidence, physical, psychological or cultural, to prove that contemporaneous savages are fundamentally different in mind, body, or estate, from the sophisticated human product of civilization."

In other words, the whole contention of the "Higher Cultures" crowd as to their innate moral character and intellectual capacity is bunk. Were it only bunk it would not be serious and need detain us no further. But disregard for the findings of anthropology and of biology in general does not end with McDougall, it is the cornerstone of the Eugenics Society movement to make America safe for us Nordics. One can understand the mental bias which prompted such manhandling of facts as is found in McDougall's Is America Safe for Democracy?, Grant's The Passing of the Great Race, Gould's America a Family Matter, and Wiggam's The New Decalogue of Science; it is incomprehensible that Henry Fairfield Osborn should write two prefaces to Grant's book or that any real biologist or anthropologist should lend support to a movement which is biologically unsound and socially crazy. Bryan's opposition to the teaching of the evidence of evolution was good propaganda for the study of biology; the Nordic movement

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distorts the facts of biology and undoes much of Mr. Bryan's good work—and is conceivably dangerous to the welfare of this nation.

Hence the importance of Tozzer's book. Tozzer is not a Jew or a "Mediterranean" or an "Alpine"; he is as Nordic as Alfred the Great or Rollo, and he belongs to the Higher Culture crowd. But he is also an open-minded scientist who is not afraid to observe facts, formulate hypotheses in keeping with facts, and state conclusions biologically sound although culturally unpleasant. And he writes without dulness, nonsense, or dogma. His treatment of the Intelligence Test quackery is timely and should go far to end some of the feeble-mindedness of that craze.

Methods and Theories, The Nature of the Savage and of his Society, The Crises in the Life of the Individual, Marriage and Family, Organization, Association and Classes, and Government, Law and Ethics make up the six chapters of Social Origins. There is a well selected bibliography and an adequate index. Also a twenty-two page appendix of Harvard Freshman themes on Superstitions and Other Beliefs and Practices, the wisdom of which might be questioned. Yet these themes do advance the idea of "social continuities" and they do illustrate the fact that "all classes in the modern world" are superstitious and they do go "far to prove the thesis of a social and a mental continuity with a past rooted in savagery and magic."

GEORGE A. DORSEY.

Rhetoric, Mysticism, Poetry

Windows of Night, by Charles Williams. New York: Oxford University Press. $2.25.

Voices of the Stones, by Æ. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

The Pot of Earth, by Archibald MacLeish. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25.

CONTEMPORARY English poetry seems to be a much clearer field for an easy criticism of classification and partial definition than any other living body of verse with which an American critic is likely to be concerned. At this time France offers a difficulty of another order—that of many active second rate minds and nearly as many schools of hazardous existence, whose rivalries are so eccentric from the main issues of poetry that the schools detain one, less as solutions of their problems than as symptoms of an important change actually conducted by a poet like Paul Valéry: yet to have exhibited M. Valéry has been an achievement carrying all the seriousness of mature art. M. Valéry and Mr. W. B. Yeats are precisely the persons England of this generation has not produced. For without a single major talent to assimilate those elements of the historical literary experience suited to a new scientific construction of the universe, or to the social implications of that construction, English poetry may be said merely to discourse in three principal tendencies, each with a history: the Wheels group, at its best in Eliot, whom it doesn't formally include; the Georgians, from whom Wheels revolted about ten years ago; and the Conservationists, whose cosmic and rhetorical machinery was scrapped by the revolutionist Mr. Masefield, a founder of Georgianism, in 1911, when he "threatened"—according to Stephen Phillips—"the standards of English Poetry." The history is indispensable: Mr. Charles Williams can be understood only as an anachronism; but he deserves, for that extrinsic reason, to be understood

For Mr. Williams's verse belongs to this last and conservative tendency. The school now lacks the authority of a great figure—a fact illuminating enough—but it still carries a wide public prestige through Phillips's standards of English Poetry which are the current popular taste; that is to say, through the Divine Right of Poesy. Mr. Williams conceives the poet as Vates, as seer of good and evil, of their joint or divergent progress in successive generations of the heart of Man. He scolds modern Doubt in many lines, some of them graceful in a synthetic melody put together from the rhetorical Victorian poets, nearly all of them devoid of artistic value—empty of the vitality attached to words only by a very alert experience of either books or living. For Mr. Williams, experience, which ordinarily participates in every creative intuition of a good poet, were better silent before the superior incentive of Inspiration. It is

> wise Mnemosyne
> Gravely to poets their vocation metes.

The use of Mnemosyne makes a capital point. As the type of degenerate artist Mr. Williams, having inherited a symbol, ignores its status as such and turns it into an efficient entity; so that the symbol of memory, like the "efficient God" in the Occasionalism of Malebranche, is supposed to work for the poet in defection of the psychological operations of memory. Mr. Williams would fail to see that James Joyce and Proust, without invoking Mnemosyne, are the only writers of this century who have creatively defined her. His production is fundamentally a piece of ironical levity unconsciously performed, set against the English tradition in all its distinguished phases: solemn, it lacks seriousness altogether. Dulness comes close to vulgarity.

Æ's poetry lacks seriousness but it is always supported by conviction. It does not crucify taste: it projects what is after all a world, the peculiar function of Æ's sensibility, and there is no false intuition of another or merely rhetorical world to corrupt the pattern. His world is the stasis of mysticism. The mystical vision, proceeding usually in one of two ways, attempts either to unfold a permanent order momently out of the currency of particular experiences, defining sameness in a rich variety, like Blake's, or to locate and define that order prior to and outside consciousness, like Plato's. The difference is ultimately the one between a creative and a philosophical satisfaction. The latter is Æ's and it means that as a poet he is vastly separate from his world, with only a few symbols fixedly and repetitiously available for connection with it. The power of his emotion everywhere overflows the meagre symbolic equipment; it isn't concentrated, like Blake's, wholly in the symbols at his disposal; his poetry is thus in the end a cold experience. The emotion scatters and only a contemplation remains. The tremendous conviction that has marked Æ's poetry from its beginning has not had the justice done it of a perfectly realized art. He is very serious about his conviction; he is indifferent to the seriousness of poetry.

But Mr. Archibald MacLeish's The Pot of Earth is one of the best books of verse printed in the last season, one of the three or four indications that capable new artists are at work in this country. It is derivative of blank-verse passages in The Waste Land: the excess of suspended rhythmical periods in long sequences of run-on lines, depriving the verse of solidity, makes one suspect that Mr. MacLeish rather unwisely studied Mr. Eliot's very

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personal use of Webster's and Ford's textures without having given much attention to the models themselves. But he has a thorough understanding of his material, the growth of a girl into a woman cast in terms of the parallel process in the vegetation rites described by James Frazer. This framework is nicely elaborated in an adequately controlled structure, an arrangement of detail in a beautifully suggestive subordination and emphasis. One is occasionally disturbed by an attenuation of metaphor that escapes the pattern and disrupts the unity of attention; but this fault usually attends the formation of an idiom. Mr. MacLeish is evidently in process of inventing a distinguished poetic language. He has written an interesting poem; it is probable that he will write an important one.

ALLEN TATE.

The American Colonies

The American Colonies in the Eighteenth Century, by Herbert L. Osgood. Four vols. New York: Columbia University Press. 2278 pages. $20.

THIS is a capital work of American historical scholarship. Including the three volumes published some years ago on the colonies in the seventeenth century, Professor Osgood has written the most detailed history of the thirteen colonies since Bancroft's; and he is a much more profound and judicious historian than Bancroft. The present four volumes, left in ms. at the author's death in 1918, were published through the generous efforts of some of his former pupils. They deserve the thanks of every student of colonial history, and the support of every public and college library in the country.

Professor Osgood was perhaps the ablest of that group of American historians—now rapidly passing from the stage—who were trained in German historical laboratories. He has all the diligence, thoroughness, and impartiality of his school, together with a goodly fund of common sense, and a dry glint of Yankee humor. Although the work is the fruit of long years of plodding research in archives, it does not smell of the laboratory. Not that it is light or easy reading. One cannot recommend it to the general reader, or to the ordinary sort of undergraduate. Color and sparkle in historical narrative seemed almost indecent to Mr. Osgood; he has even adopted the device of numbering the colonial wars instead of using their familiar names of King William's, Queen Anne's, and King George's war. But his even, dignified narrative, unruffled by excessive quotations, or by sneering at his predecessors, moves with a sort of ground swell that carries the reader along through the four volumes, if he can but weather the first few hundred pages.

The distinguishing feature of the three volumes on the seventeenth century is their emphasis on the institutional side. Osgood was a pioneer in bringing research and realism to bear upon the origin and early development of American institutions, political, religious and social. In the four volumes under review, Osgood abandoned the institutional for the political thread. His main task is to relate the political history of each of the thirteen colonies, with reference both to its internal development and imperial relations; and this task he has performed admirably. Only those who have been over the same field can appreciate how skilfully he has eliminated the dreary detail on petty subjects in which so many of his predecessors wallowed, and what a happy balance he has maintained between drawing similarities between the colonies, and emphasizing their differences.

The period covered by these four volumes—1689-1760—is of all periods in American history the most barren of outstanding personalities. The generation of founders had passed; and the revolutionary generation had not yet appeared. One of the most useful things the author has done is to put life and meaning into persons who are mere names even to the majority of students—such persons as Jonathan Belcher, the puritanic fawner on great men, Lewis Morris, an "energetic aristocrat" who "paraded at tiresome length" to the New Jersey farmers his knowledge of law and government, Henry McCulloh, reformer turned grafter (a word that occurs rather often in the narrative), Gabriel Johnston, the ex-professor of oriental languages who was sent to govern the turbulent North Carolinians; and above all, William Shirley. Governor Shirley is, in a sense, the hero of the work. Professor Osgood brings out not only his engaging qualities, but his full significance as precursor of Pitt, first of the new-school imperialists who were to conduct the old empire both to its zenith and its nadir, yet unique in his ability to bridge the gulf "between the indifference, ignorance and superciliousness of the imperial authorities," and the "narrowness, poverty—real or assumed—and ingenuity of the colonists in devising methods of obstruction."

The political questions that agitated the colonists are so remote to our generation in America—though still quite lively in parts of the British empire—as to seem unreal to modern American readers. But in Osgood's chapters on social and religious developments, we find the beginnings of movements that have not yet spent their force. The land riots in New Jersey, and the land bank in Massachusetts, show "western radicalism" at work on its earliest frontier in the Oranges and the Newtons; the Great Awakening was clearly a fundamentalist movement, whipped up by a clergy that was losing its grip. Completely reversing the values of the older historians, Osgood asserts that the extension of organized religion in the colonies "implied intellectual and moral stagnation, and in many quarters actually resulted in that." In describing the methods of the respectable minority who stood for hard money, he remarks:

> It is curious to note that they applied the system of tests, to which they had always been accustomed in the religious sphere, to this question of economics. We have now appearing the idea of orthodox and heretical as applied to a question of economic belief and practice, and the heretics, as usual, were charged with moral obliquity. . . . Both at that time and in the future we shall find the attitude of the . . . taboo applied to all sorts of questions, religious, social, political, with the resultant conflicts along lines of intolerance and extreme opposition, which give rise to conflicting parties and social groups.

With such bits of wisdom and dry humor the narrative is salted. Unfortunately the general conclusions with which the author intended to close his work were never written; we can only infer what his views were on the American Revolution, and his work so impartially presents the virtues and vices both of colonists and British administrators, that inferences will clash. Nothing that Mr. Osgood wrote can be popular in a generation that likes its history light, and in one volume; everything that Mr. Osgood wrote is a credit to American scholarship, and is certain to be of permanent value.

S. E. MORISON.

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Social Progress

Social Progress. A Handbook of the Liberal Movement. Edited by William Floyd. New York: The Arbitrator. 342 pages. $2.50.

SOCIAL Progress is a survey as well as a handbook. It is divided into two parts: I, Causes of Discontent and II, The Liberal Movement. Under the first head it contains chapters on The Profit System, The Industrial Struggle, Oppression by Government, Attempted Reform, etc. The method pursued is the exemplification of a topic such as Distribution of Wealth or War Profits by facts drawn from recognized authorities, or the citation of specific cases, Lusk Laws, Rand School, etc. The treatment of the Liberal Movement is given through definitions of terms which constantly appear in the vocabulary of social discussion, such as Bolshevism, Check-off, Fundamentalists, League of Nations, an account of organizations and political parties for promoting a new social order and a bibliography. The editor has had the coöperation of an advisory board including such representatives of the liberal faith as John Haynes Holmes, Frederic C. Howe, Louis F. Post and Oswald Garrison Villard.

It is of course useless to expect completeness in a book of this kind. It is perhaps too much to expect precision of organization, and uniformity of method among so many contributors. That more might have been done in these respects is obvious. Why, for example, the Coronado Case should be cited in Part I under the Industrial Struggle, and the Danbury Hatters' Case appear under Definitions in Part II is not clear. Nevertheless the book is a valuable record of many facts to which constant reference is necessary by anyone interested in public policy as it concerns the two chief preoccupations of the liberal—warfare among nations and the struggle of classes. It will serve to keep in memory certain signs of danger in our political system—the illegal acts of the government during the War, culminating in the death of Salsedo; the scandalous profits permitted to individuals and corporations; the weighting of the scales of justice against workers in the Everett, Centralia, Ford, and Mooney cases; the attacks upon workers at Ludlow and Bisbee. So long as the specific wrongs thus listed remain unrighted, so long as these things are possible in the future, they should not be forgotten.

R. M. L.

Recent Fiction

Bindon Parva, by George A. Birmingham. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.

THE outstanding quality of this book is its extraordinary coherence. By a number of converging paths we are led again and again to a main motif, the church triumphant, immutable for righteousness through the centuries. Here are stories set in a central unity like spokes within a wheel, uneven in their merit as stories, it must be granted, but undeniably complementary to one another; and, by virtue of a gravely simple style, pleasant to read. The question of the origin of these stories seems immaterial. Whether the old priest got them from the hearts of long dead men and women seems to matter not at all. Our willingness to read does not depend upon the degree of our credulity. It depends upon our imaginative surrender to the image of the church transcendent. And not the least of our surrender is to the name which he has chosen to bind his sheaf of stories securely to the past.

E. B. H.

Taboo, by Wilbur Daniel Steele. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

MR. WILBUR DANIEL STEELE is a serious writer with brilliant gifts of style—a style which, to be sure, occasionally chokes and explodes by reason of its too frantic speed, but which, for the most part, diffuses a radiance over his plot, his backgrounds, and his characters. An attempt to evaluate the book for its theme and the treatment thereof brings us to disaster. It has, alas, a crack in the middle. Granting that the suspense is absolute, the surprise complete, we are none the less shocked and grieved at the levity that can turn a problem in the most tragic of human perversities into a purely social dilemma—and through the instrumentality of no more august a deus ex machina than a moon-white cat. After this it seems scarcely worth while even to protest against the artificial climax, whereby the author hurls the protagonists into one another's arms and starts them for the Antipodes to be happy.

E. B. H.

Ellen Adair, by Frederick Niven. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.

ONE is moved to wonder why, in a book named for and built with persistent care around a central figure, the only wholly puppet-like, unindividualized and unsatisfactory creature in it is that same central figure. Mr. Niven has drawn with great skill a bourgeois Scottish family group against an Edinburgh that in its geographical distinctness is a triumph—an Edinburgh, by the way, in enormously interesting contrast to Miss Rebecca West's romantic and colorful portrayal of the same city. The main theme, the flighty daughter on her way to perdition, emerges promptly. The reader's interest is sustained, however, not by the girl, but by the group. Through skilful dialogue and adequate incident they move about as characteristically separate human beings. Ellen remains a type, a vague and unmoving one, at that. The proof of which is that when the group dissolves and disappears and the rest of the book is made to hang upon Ellen, it falls heavily to pieces.

E. B. H.

The Contracting Circle, by E. J. Grant Watson. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

IN THE Contracting Circle we have the Australian prairie rendered with a strong sense of landscape. More than this, it is endowed with a mystic power over human life, which in its presence seems pallid and futile. The characters are slightly drawn. Martin Obrian loves the wide lonely half-desert land more than he loves his wife; Maggie fears and hates it, but loves Martin more than life. Thus nature has its way with both of them.

R. M. L.

The Glorious Apollo, by E. Barrington. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.50.

BECAUSE Byron is as good material as a writer could choose, it does not follow that a novel about him will automatically be successful. Excellent butter and eggs have been made into remarkably bad cake. Therefore,

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Miss Barrington deserves credit for what she has done. The Glorious Apollo moves like a book which has not been hampered by the chain of actual circumstance. And that is an achievement, since it conforms to history throughout. On the other hand, while it sets forth the facts of the case convincingly and readably, it is not the burning portrayal which might have been hoped. It is, rather, a defense of Anne Milbank, the virtuous and much mistreated wife. And as such it comes very near to the danger-zone of tract literature. B. G.

The Book About Little Brother, by Gustaf af Geijerstam. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

MR. EDWIN BJORKMAN'S introduction tells us that Geijerstam is one of the most prolific of modern Swedish novelists, his range including romance and realism, peasant life and the problems of marriage and society. The Book About Little Brother falls outside this classification. It is the novelist's own, written in fulfilment of a promise to his youngest son, Sven, about whom centres the life of the little family. This family and its setting in the Swedish landscape, bright in summer, bleak in winter, are the whole story. A book of searching, loving analysis, of the revelation of intimate and baffling relations of husband and wife, resolved in the domestic passion of which Sven is the object. It is written with unpretending good faith that yields to tragedy its last human touch. R. M. L.

The Crystal Cup, by Gertrude Atherton. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.

THE Crystal Cup is brimming with an old-fashioned cocktail compounded of well known ingredients—for whisky, the ancestral pride of the Carterets, and for vermouth, sex according to the latest decalogue of science. The dashes of metropolitan literary society, which Mrs. Atherton is fond of calling sophisticated, add an uncertain flavor; the chunks of inhuman conversation are the ice; and the whole is vigorously shaken by a practiced hand. But the drink is intoxicating only for the young. One wonders how Mrs. Atherton can play with strong waters and produce such an incredibly juvenile concoction. She is the Mother Goose of American fiction. R. M. L.

A Correction

SIR: In my article published in the New Republic of September 16 there is an unlucky misprint in the footnote to p. 90. £200,000,000 and £300,000,000 is printed instead of $200,000,000 and $300,000,000. If it is possible to correct this, I should be grateful.

J. M. KEYNES.

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Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Robert Hallowell, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of The New Republic and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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